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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

IN answer to several correspondents, the publishers beg to state that recent events have not, and will not, interfere with the regular appearance and general business of *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, which were never so prosperous as they are at the present time. Our friends in the press will confer a favor upon us by publishing the above.

We are happy to be able to announce that, by special arrangement with the author, we shall publish in the December number of the Magazine—which commences a new year and a new volume—the first number of Mr. THACKERAY'S new serial, "THE VIRGINIANS."

MILITIA-DAY.

ONCE a year, says the law, every citizen of New York, not exempt by this or that disability, shall appear at a place fixed, with arms and accoutrements, and pass muster before the proper officer, as a militia-man of this State, to give proof of his willingness to defend his country at the call of duty. If he fail—if he prove recreant to the heart-stirring appeal—he shall pay seventy-five cents and go scathless. The stupendous penalty is thus proportioned to the enormity of the offense.

Such is the wealth, and such the patriotism of the people of this city, that when militia-day comes, I am told, there have been scarce one or two hundred men gathered at the place of muster. I say nothing of the turn-out last week, but on one occasion fifty-nine men represented the militia of the city. The remaining thousands paid their seventy-five cents each and abstained.

In England there is a fine imposed by law on militia-men who absent themselves from the roll-call. But it is a comminatory penalty which is never enforced. When the militia are really needed, as was the case during the late Russian war, no fine is held to compensate the nation for their absence. They are forced to fulfill their bond.

In France, the militia *are* a citizen soldiery. The National Guard does actual duty, in peace and war time alike. Twice a year, on the average, every citizen of Paris is bound—or was bound, till lately—to mount guard at some post, and remain twenty-four hours separated from his family in the discharge of soldierly functions. No pecuniary equivalent was known to the law. Hence, until the advent of the Imperial régime, the hired soldiers were nothing, the volunteer soldiers every thing. When, during the revolution of 1848, and before any thing was determined, a single company of National Guards marched round the Boulevards, crying, "*Vive la Réforme! Vive Odillon Barrot!*"—the word passed directly that the King had accepted the *réforme*, and accepted Odillon Barrot; and when, only a day later, events had outstripped calculation, and other companies of National Guards marched to and fro shouting "*Vive la République!*" men knew that it was all over with the monarchy, and Louis Philippe, with shaved whiskers, was on his way to Dieppe. For the National Guard of Paris, as the connecting link between the people and the soldiery, and especially as that formidable ideal—*la bourgeoisie armée*—were the real fountain of power and authority under the *bourgeois* régime.

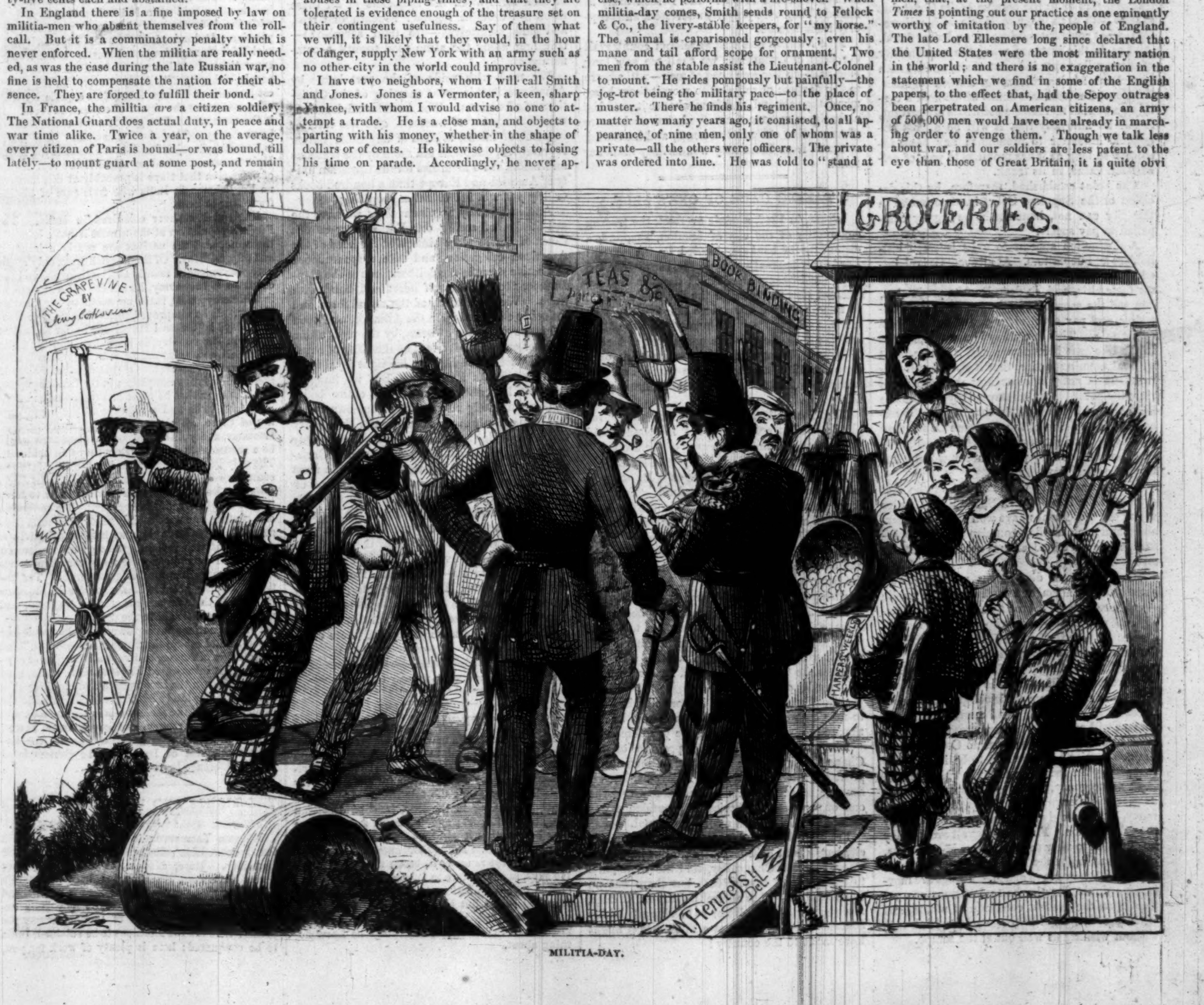
Our National Guard is a thing in *posse* rather than in *esse*. Were the enemy to gather outside the Narrows, New York could probably furnish one hundred thousand fighting men, every one of whom would be a good shot, and willing to die where he stood. Our target companies, which are such a nuisance in time of peace, with their bad music and awkward processions, and rowdy followers, and anti-Maine-law propensities, would, on such an occasion, prove a mine of wealth for the nation. It is only because of their evident value on such an emergency that they are tolerated with their abuses in these piping times; and that they are tolerated is evidence enough of the treasure set on their contingent usefulness. Say of them what we will, it is likely that they would, in the hour of danger, supply New York with an army such as no other city in the world could improvise.

I have two neighbors, whom I will call Smith and Jones. Jones is a Vermonter, a keen, sharp Yankee, with whom I would advise no one to attempt a trade. He is a close man, and objects to parting with his money, whether in the shape of dollars or of cents. He likewise objects to losing his time on parade. Accordingly, he never appears on drill on militia-day. His process is very simple. When he is summoned to pay his seventy-five cents, he flies into a rage with the official, and abuses him in good English. He drops his h's, and tells him he is a hinfernal rascal; swears that he (Jones) is a loyal subject of the Queen, God bless 'er, 'e is blessed if 'e haint; and he winds up by telling the public functionary that this here his a jolly country to live hin, where a man's hobliged to go to law to protect 'imself from the hofficers of the State. Which always satisfies the gatherer of this tax.

My other neighbor, Smith, a Knickerbocker, and one of the leading men in the bootjack business, has realized, in these latter days, that his parents did him a grievous wrong in apprenticing him to the bootjack business, and that he ought to have gone to West Point and served in the United States army. This great *desideratum* being out of his reach, he falls back on the militia, in which service he is lieutenant-colonel. A month before militia-day Mrs. Smith is required to see to "my uniform." The coat is carefully brushed and inspected; the pants are mended where they need it; the sword, epaulets, and spurs are polished to a dazzling brightness. Jones spends his evenings in the perusal of the Volunteer's Manual. He makes his son Theophilus, and his daughter Marianna stand up in the drawing-room and execute military manœuvres, correcting them when they go wrong with the charitable complacency of a veteran; he is so painstaking that Theophilus, who is not fifteen, is a perfect master of the musket exercise, which he performs with a fire-shovel. When militia-day comes, Smith sends round to Fetlock & Co., the livery-stable keepers, for "my horse." The animal is caparisoned gorgeously; even his mane and tail afford scope for ornament. Two men from the stable assist the Lieutenant-Colonel to mount. He rides pompously but painfully—the jog-trot being the military pace—to the place of muster. There he finds his regiment. Once, no matter how many years ago, it consisted, to all appearance, of nine men, only one of whom was a private—all the others were officers. The private was ordered into line. He was told to "stand at ease." After a time, as the inspecting officer with his staff passed, the order was given by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in a bold, sonorous voice, so that the whole of his regiment should hear it, "'Tention!" The private was made to manœuvre, right about face, left about face, front, double quick, and so forth—all of which evolutions he performed with alacrity and military precision. He charged a battery, and retreated under cover of a cake-stand. He advanced in skirmishing order, and deployed; then, as the critical moment arrived, he fell into column and advanced, firing by platoons. He wheeled; he took open order; he formed into square to resist cavalry; he ambuscaded behind an apple-woman to surprise an adventurous enemy; he did every thing, in short, which could be expected of a well-drilled regiment. And when, in the orders of the day, which were duly published, Major-General Scrubbs alluded to the "admirable discipline and soldierly bearing of the regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith," with whom he dined on the day in question, where is the Smith whose heart did not beat high?

Our artist has represented the preparations for militia-day which he saw in the vicinity of a German lager-bier saloon and grocery. The law requires each militia-man to carry a musket, but some of our naturalized citizens consider a broom an equivalent, at least for the preliminary drill. The picture is ludicrous enough.

But it is well to remember, while we laugh at the grotesque figure cut by some of our militiamen, that, at the present moment, the London *Times* is pointing out our practice as one eminently worthy of imitation by the people of England. The late Lord Ellesmere long since declared that the United States were the most military nation in the world; and there is no exaggeration in the statement which we find in some of the English papers, to the effect that, had the Sepoy outrages been perpetrated on American citizens, an army of 500,000 men would have been already in marching order to avenge them. Though we talk less about war, and our soldiers are less patent to the eye than those of Great Britain, it is quite obvi



MILITIA-DAY.

ous, from the utter failure of the British Government in its attempt to raise recruits for India, that we could, at a pinch, develop more military resources than England. This is in part the effect of our militia system.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857.

THE BANK SUSPENSION.

ON Tuesday, 13th inst., the banks of the city of New York, with the single exception of the Chemical Bank, agreed unanimously to suspend specie payments. One-third of them had, on that day, been obliged to close their doors; the remaining two-thirds kept their doors open, but having paid specie throughout bank hours on Tuesday, resumed business on Wednesday with a printed announcement over their counter to the effect that business would be transacted as usual, except that no specie would be paid out. At the same moment—early on Wednesday morning—a formal statement, signed by the Judges of the Supreme Court, made known to the public that that Bench, to which the duty of executing the Bank Act of 1849 is committed, would hold that a suspension of specie payments did not involve insolvency, and did not, of itself, constitute a necessity for applying the penalties of that Act to a suspending bank; in other words, that the Supreme Court would not grant an injunction against any bank, on the mere ground that it had suspended specie payment, and would not force it into liquidation, unless it were apparent to the Court that it was really insolvent. Under this decision, a few applications which have been made for Receivers have been refused, and the banks continue to do business as if nothing had happened.

The ground on which the Supreme Bench of this District decide that the redemption of bank promises in specie is not an essential element of banking, and that a bank may not be able to pay specie and may yet do business as a bank, is that the Bank Act only contemplated the compulsory liquidation of a bank when it was clearly insolvent, or when it was conducted fraudulently. If it had in its trunk mercantile paper to offset its liabilities, and if on the face of its transactions they appeared to be fair and above board, then, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, the intention of the law was to permit it to pay specie or not as it pleased.

It appears to be the opinion of the Court that it rests with each judge to decide, in his discretion, what constitutes solvency, and what fraud. And as, in this instance, when the unreliability of mercantile paper is so notorious, and no man is certain of being solvent for a week together, the Court has held that banks which hold a certain amount of mercantile securities are solvent, it follows naturally that it will be almost impossible hereafter to pronounce any bank insolvent so long as it has promises to pay, of *prima facie* value, in its trunk.

The point established, therefore, by this decision of the Supreme Court is, that banks in this city can not, henceforth, be legally compelled to pay specie.

A distinction appears to exist between bill-holders and depositors. At all events it is claimed by the former that they can insist upon specie for their bills, and, in default of its production, can sell the securities in the hands of the Controller and pay themselves out of the proceeds of the sale. This has always been the practice in the like case heretofore; and it is urged, not without seeming justice, that it should still prevail. It is not yet clear how the banks will view the point. But whatever they do with the bill-holders, it seems likely that, under the extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court, they will claim the right of paying their depositors in specie or not, as they please, not now only, but throughout all time.

If this was really the intention of the Act drawn by the late John C. Spencer, and under which our State banks have won so high a character and such implicit confidence, many opinions now entertained of that act are obviously erroneous.

Whatever legal distinctions may be drawn between suspension and insolvency, the public—not here only but abroad—have always viewed, and will continue to view the two contingencies as practically identical, except only in the case where, by law, paper currency is pronounced to be a legal tender. No amount of legal reasoning will satisfy the world that banks which can not redeem their obligations in specie are really solvent. And many thoughtless persons will question whether, under the conditions resulting from the Supreme Court *dictum*, the community could be said to be in any way a gainer by the existence of banks which might, in any emergency, refuse to pay specie, so long as specie is recognized as the basis of our currency, and the only legal tender authorized by the Constitution. Foreigners, at all events, may be expected to view the new status of our banks, consequent upon the decision of the Supreme Court, with very grave alarm. Things are moving, no doubt, for the best; but none can reflect upon the present condition of affairs, and upon the new legal bearings of the bank law, without wishing us well out of the scrape.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR BRITISH INDIA.

IT is understood that the services of over ten thousand able-bodied men have been offered to Lord Napier within the past few weeks, in case Great Britain should decide to enroll in this country a military division for service in India. Lord Napier is said to have uniformly declined these proposals, on the ground that it was the settled purpose of the British to refrain from enlisting foreigners in any future war. This decision, we are led to conjecture, was mainly due to the unpleasant recollection the British Government preserves of the last experiment in recruiting made by the English in this country.

It may be questioned whether the British Government is likely to adhere to this determination in the event of a protracted Indian war. The uniform testimony of the British press goes to show that the peasantry and operatives of Great Britain are so extremely averse to a military life, that it is impossible, at the present moment, to keep the existing regiments up to their regular complement of strength—to say nothing of the additional regiments which the Queen absolutely requires. In some parts of England the recruiting-sergeant is absolutely doing nothing. Various schemes have been proposed to meet the emergency. Commissions have been offered to young men who could furnish a company of men. Middle-class brigades have been suggested. The men milliners have been insulted for not enlisting. Every influence—the press, the pulpit, the lecture-room—has been brought to bear on the laggard people of Great Britain, but seemingly without the least shadow of success.

On the other hand, we have here tens of thousands of men who are dying for a chance of military employment. We presume that in the most prosperous seasons the United States contain 25,000 men ready to serve in any war for the mere excitement of the thing; able-bodied men, inured to fatigue and used to arms. This nucleus is swelled, this winter, by vast bodies of unemployed mechanics. Statistical tables go to show that in the last month over 12,000 men have been discharged from employment in this city alone; the aggregate number in the like predicament, in this and the adjoining States, can not fall below 50,000. Indeed, we think we are guilty of no exaggeration if we say that the country contains at the present time 100,000 men who would serve in the British army in India, if they were properly addressed, and properly remunerated.

Men's whims and wishes seldom countervail the laws of dynamics; we shall see how long England—in her sore need of men—will adhere to her purpose of refusing to recruit them here, where they abound, and from whence it would be a charity to remove them. A few weeks more of unavailing struggles at home, and harrowing accounts from India may wonderfully alter her mind.

TAKING CARE OF ONE'S SELF.

WHEN, in 1847, a panic overtook the trading community of the city of London, England, a committee of bankers, headed by the present Lord Overstone—then plain Mr. Lloyd—waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and requested him to authorize the Bank of England to issue a few millions more bank-notes—such notes, as is known, being regarded by the British public as the absolute equivalent of specie. They urged that such an issue would at once have the effect of allaying the panic, and that without it most of the mercantile firms must fail.

The Chancellor, a man of no experience, replied: "No, gentlemen; the merchants and private bankers must take care of themselves."

"Very well, my Lord," replied Mr. Lloyd; "we shall take care of ourselves. Be so good as to examine that memorandum. You will there perceive that our balances in the Bank of England exceed the balance to the credit of the Banking Department by several hundred thousand pounds. We shall draw them out bright and early to-morrow morning, and before night the bank will fail. My Lord, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

Lord John Russell happened to be in the room, and he begged the deputation to wait a few moments, while he withdrew to consult with the Chancellor. Mr. Lloyd waited. In five minutes the Chancellor stepped forward, with a grim smile, and said:

"Gentlemen, the order in council will issue to-morrow morning, and the bank will be authorized to make the extra issue you demand."

The deputation left; the promise of the Chancellor was kept; the order in council appeared, and the panic was allayed directly. Strange to say, it was not necessary to issue one of the notes authorized. Confidence was restored, and business went on as usual.

Precisely similar deputations waited on our city banks, and held precisely similar language. They, like the Chancellor, told the merchants to take care of themselves; but there was no Lord John Russell to advise the Directors. Had there been such an adviser at hand, and had his counsels been heard, what a difference it might have made to the country!

MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE capital of Prussia has lately been the scene of a remarkable réunion of Protestant Christians.

For nine days, during September, did 2000 men—gathered together from the four quarters of the globe and from the uttermost ends of the earth, including Australia, speaking in different tongues, and owning various doctrinal peculiarities, but animated by the same kindly Christian spirit—meet together upon the broad platform of a common Christianity, for the interchange of Christian counsel, sympathy, and encouragement.

To consider the moral condition of the Church of God throughout the world; to devise means for the more speedy and effectual dissemination of Divine Truth; to diffuse among the various branches of the one Faith greater unity of spirit and a more catholic zeal, and thus to bind all Christendom together afresh in bonds of brotherly unity—these were the purposes for which these two thousand met and conferred together.

The ultimate effects of such a meeting, upon the great Christian world, can scarcely be overestimated. No man of those two thousand but is known and has an influence at least in his own town or district. Very many were men of eminence in literature or in the ministry. Not a few were sharp controversialists, long used to the maintenance, at the pen's point, of their peculiar tenets. Meeting here upon this broad field, all laid aside their prejudices and conferred together in the spirit of a common and universal Christianity.

It is not in the ability of the papers read—although many of these were admirable; nor yet in the importance of the subjects discussed—although doubtless their discussion was most beneficial—that the meeting is the greatest cause of congratulation. The mere gathering together of so many distinguished standard-bearers of Christianity is most auspicious of good to the cause they all have at heart. Sectarian prejudices melt away before the kindly warmth of such a Christian greeting as there awaited each new-comer. The invidious distinctions of sectarianism—strong enough in our own country, but infinitely stronger in Protestant Europe—have received a staggering blow. The words "church" and "chapel," "Establishment," "Dissent," "Non-conformism," Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and what not, lose much of their force when the upholders of all these titles are brought together beneath one roof, and find themselves—(to their surprise?)—traveling along the same road toward a common goal.

We read with pride of the part borne by Americans in this great meeting of the Christians of all nations. The American delegation, as great in point of numbers, and not inferior in point of talent, to that of any other nation represented, doubtless did more by the presence and labors of its members for the Christian unity of America and Europe than a hundred books or fifty years of individual sermonizing.

And last, but by no means least, we have the satisfaction of seeing our Embassador at the Court of Berlin place himself at the head of the American delegation, and take a spontaneous and active share in the deliberations of the Conference, proving himself heart and hand with them. We read much of the moral force and influence conferred upon the Alliance, and upon the cause they have at heart, by the recognition and welcome extended to it by the King of Prussia. Doubtless, in Europe, the right royal favor thus shown has its power. But we imagine that not less effective upon the entire body, while of infinitely more value to our own country, is the manly stand taken by His Excellency Governor Wright, in placing himself voluntarily at the head of his country's delegation of Christians at Berlin, and showing himself the most zealous among them for the advancement of the cause of Christian unity.

Taken as a whole, the meeting of the Alliance passed off most pleasantly. The papers prepared for it and read before it by the ablest and most celebrated of its members, when published—as they are to be—will furnish food for discussion for years. The impressions gained by the members will be carried with them to their homes, and will cause the dissemination throughout the world of a more kindly and more catholic Christianity.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE VIRGINIANS."

MR. THACKERAY'S new story begins in November. It will be a serial, in twenty-four numbers—a novel in two years. The author will be his own artist—we could not wish a better for him; but very little is known about the tale itself. It will evidently, according to the title, treat of American life, at least in part; and, wherever it does so, we may be sure that it will be a treatment of intelligence and skill. No author knows his peculiar power, and the range of it, better than Thackeray. He says, in the preface to *Pendennis*, that the reader was to have blood in torrents, and thunder in stunning peals; but he finally wrung a reluctant consent from his publishers (the ogres!) that he might omit the description of things he knew nothing about.

For the rest, we need not fear his sting will touch what does not deserve it. He will not be mealy-mouthed about us more than he is about his fellow-countrymen. But, of all the famous men who have visited us, none was ever more kindly received, none ever more deeply felt that kindness, and none, when he was at home again, ever thought of America more kindly than Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

OUR NEIGHBOR ENGLAND.

WHEN Trajan floated the Roman eagle upon the slopes of the Carpathian, and Ovid sang his swan song upon the shores of the Euxine, no Roman citizen, lounging at the baths and discussing the news from the provinces, would have paid any other tribute than a languid smile to the suggestion that the eagles might some day fly terrified homeward.

The young Briton of to-day, lounging at his club and reading the Government dispatches, hears with a smile of compassion the suggestion that India will never be British again, except after another subjugation. If he knew men and history better he would not smile, but confess that the Indian problem which England is now sitting down to solve is precisely the one which always has and always must perplex Governments most.

To hold a vast, remote province, swarming with millions of people who have an alien religion, language, and tradition, is what every great empire has always tried, and always failed to do. That there are men in England wiser to direct and braver to execute the operations necessary for the task than there were in the older empires would be a dangerous assertion. On the other hand, that this is the nineteenth century, and that the prestige of intelligence and discipline is immense, and that history never progresses backward, are undeniable positions, but they are not impregnable arguments in the present case, for unhappily the nineteenth century has supplied the Sepoys with the military intelligence and discipline of their masters, and Civilization may leave India, as it did the Danubian provinces, and advance in other regions. England has probably pushed the "pshaw! pshaw!" policy as far as it will go.

India is so distant and English phlegm is so profound that, taking its possession for granted, there are few Englishmen, except officials and scholars, who have been really well informed of the actual state of affairs in that country. Its subjugation was a marvel. The consummate generalship of Robert Clive, who founded the Anglo-Indian empire, making impossibilities possible, and the astute statesmanship of Warren Hastings, his successor, who confirmed the conquest, are proud traditions in English history. And yet to retain such a country permanently upon the same basis as its conquest was effected would seem to require the same ability. The facts show that the British empire has no other hold upon India than it always had, with the differences only of longer possession and prestige. It dominates by martial superiority and a skillful management of domestic jealousies and superstitions. It has not subdued the heart of the people, either by affection or terror. In the proudest moment of Warren Hastings's superiority a local mutiny was the signal of extended revolt. It is the same now. The great native chiefs seem to be as strong and treacherous as ever. Nena Sahib is a modern Surajah Dowlah, the fiend of the Black Hole massacre. And so slight is the real tenure of possession that there is probably at this moment no Englishman in India who feels sure of his life from hour to hour.

England has never colonized in India. The English population at the utmost is not a hundred thousand, and the natives are nearly a hundred and fifty millions. Of the English army only about every seventeenth man is an Englishman, and the condition of that army, its lax discipline, its effeminate luxury, were made notorious by Sir Charles Napier. It has improved since—but there is General Lloyd! General Havelock, by far the ablest officer in the country, is sixty-five, and Sir Colin Campbell, a doughty officer, is at loggerheads with the Governor-General. Of that dignitary himself there are sonorous complaints in the London papers, and it is clear that he must be supplanted at once.

In fact, India to-day requires all the happy daring of Clive, all the calm comprehensiveness of Hastings, and yet the task before these men would be a thousand-fold greater than they first achieved. The only hope of England is in throwing into the country every soldier she can muster. *Fas est doceri hoste* is a lesson the British empire is now to have taught to it in dreadful slaughter. The conquests of a century ago were mainly among the mild Bengalees, but this struggle is with the hardier tribes. And if that rich region is to be opened to foreign conquest, England can urge no better claim to its subjugation than any other great power. The native chiefs may grant to France, to Russia, the same rights that their fathers granted to England, and may implore their aid in the contest.

Perhaps nations have grown more charitable and thoughtful. Perhaps the "mountains-of-light," and endless lacs of rupees, and vast advantages of commerce, that intoxicated England with India, may be powerless in the imagination and ambition of a power that was lately fighting with England in the Crimea. But if the Millennium is still remote, and individuals love money, and governments power, it is, at least, an open question whether the English reconquest of India will be contemplated with indifference by rival states.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF MASTER YARDSTICK.

MASTER YARDSTICK is very sarcastic when a female convention calls for female rights. Rights? Certainly. Here, Madam, is a pair of young horses that want breaking in: here is a tough piece of sward to turn under: here is a hogshead of molasses to cart from the ship: here is an express to run the gauntlet of Indians across the plains: here are the Mormons to be subdued, India to be conquered: here is plenty of work for you, Madam, the President of the Convention, and it must be done directly.

Then, with a finer sting of satire, he adds: And while you are away, Madam, please leave us in charge of the nursery: we are eager to do your clear-starching: we shall be proud of crimping, and fluting, and quilling for you: don't be anxious about your plain and fancy sewing, and we shall have all our shirts hemmed against your return.

And yet—sarcastic Master Yardstick—if it is so exquisitely absurd that you should hem muslin, will you state why it is so proper that you should measure it? If it is so ludicrously unmanly for you to crimp and flute lace in the laundry, may we inquire why you think folding lace over your fingers in the shop is so masculine? If the very idea of your washing flounces at the tub is so comical, what do you think of your gravely displaying those flounces over the counter?

Now, gentlemen, times are at hand in which there will be plenty of women, laborious and industrious, out of employ. Yours is a womanish business. Tending the nursery is no more woman's work than tending shop. Selling tape and measuring muslin by the yard is just as noble business as buying and selling it by twenty thousand yards, by a case, or a piece. So is clear-starching and plain sewing necessary and proper work. All work is useful. As old George Herbert said, two hundred years ago:

> "Who sweeps a room, as by thy law,
> Makes that and the action fine."

But then some work is fitter for women and some for men. And while you swing your heels on the counter, or wind up a roll of ribbon, or sort a box of gloves, before you laugh at women who want to do your work, look a moment and see if you are not doing theirs.

IN THE FOG.

Toward evening of a day last week, a fog settled over the city: the bay, the rivers, the neighborhood, were struck with blindness. Now, if such a misfortune befalls a man, he can not walk unless he is led by one who can still see, or except he gropes feebly and slowly, picking his way with a stick, nor even safe then from heedless passengers.

While the fog lasted, steamers and ferry-boats put out upon their various voyages, and with various results. Some stove their bottoms—some stove each other—some sank—some lay among the rocks till morning. That sudden fog probably cost the wealth of the city more than a hundred thousand dollars, and the dismay and doubt of hundreds of passengers, as they were not fatal, are forgotten.

Now, either these steamers were slacking, and whistling, and ringing, or they were not. If they were not, Providence mercifully saved thousands of families from the tragical consequences of the crime of the commanders. If they were taking what are considered the usual and sufficient precautions, does not the result show that the usual precautions are very far from sufficient? The *Hunchback* and *Southfield* are said to have been feeling their way, and yet the crash of the collision knocked a hole in one of them, and carried away bulwarks and other wood-work. If they were ringing, and whistling, and going slowly, such a crash was simply impossible; and every chance is against the probability that they were doing so. For not only must the boats upon the Quarantine Ferry lose no time on the way, in order to leave at their appointed hours, but those who have been compelled to make the passage in a fog know that the boats are run at an unpardonable speed. We have ourselves crossed the bay in a fog on the same *Sylph* that on this occasion ran upon Governor's Island, and at a rate which would have given the hundreds of passengers small time to find any of the score of life-preservers had the *Josephine* or any other boat plunged into us, or had we run foul of any craft in the harbor.

Every body on board is uncomfortable in a fog so long as the boat is in motion, and it is a very poor pluck that runs when it is blind. But it is probably all right. No serious harm has yet resulted from collisions and wrecks in the fog. It will be quite time enough to guard against the danger when it comes; and when another sad tragedy pathetically appeals to the world in the largest possible type, we can all say, "How horrible!" and wait for the next.

TO THE LADIES.

You know, ladies, that a weekly illustrated paper like ours addresses itself to you quite as much as to men. The daily papers discuss with eloquence and warmth the aspects of politics as they develop; but ours, politically, is neutral ground. As in the pleasant gardens of Paris you shall see the flounces of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the bewitching caps of the grisette, and the honest toilet of the citizen, all mingling together, breathing the sweet air, smelling the sweet flowers, and enjoying the lovely day, so we mean that our pages shall be choice parterres in which every body, whatever his other fancies, may walk, and smile; and, ladies, in some special bower under the most branching and secreting tree, we wish always to have something to say to yourselves alone.

Of course you will not deny that you love to hear, see, and read about the fashions. Equally, of course, you will confess your fondness for gossip, provided always there be nothing slanderous or improper in it. You love love-tales; you dote upon elopements; you adore stories of the dark-eyed Alphonso, with mustaches and whiskers to match, and small hands, and invisible feet, and oh! the pale, spiritual brow of alabaster, which that dear, naughty Bulwer always gives to his splendid heroes.

These things are dear to your sex. They always have been. Our philosopher (of course we keep a philosopher) says that they are only evidences of your love of admiration, your quick sympathies, and your natural romance.

So pretty an explanation we shall gladly accept. But the first thing we would whisper into your ears is this: that we are already taking the tone to you which has been always taken by your professed admirers, and which is not quite respectful.

In some happy hours of your lives you have read those charming papers of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* in which you are treated with such high-bred and, in that day, unheard-of courtesy. But now, if you who read this will tell the truth, have you not always felt in the serene Addison, and the gushing Steele, a condescension in the courtesy? Their style smirked a little when they came to talk with you. They bowed their wigs with a careful smile, and said "Good-morning, ladies!" as if they meant to take you under their protection. We know what Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to love her was a liberal education. It was a charming compliment, and uttered with so exquisite a politeness that Mrs. Steele should have forgiven an extra bottle that day.

In fact the good Addison, who patronized the whole world, was a kind of a literary grand monarque in undress among the ladies. He seems constantly to insinuate, "My dear, kind madam, I have, as you observe, omitted my shoes with rosettes and red heels, and am come to you in list slippers. I have also laid aside my flowered robe of purple velvet, and am carelessly lolling in this dressing-gown, which I do not deny fits me easily and handsomely, and is not to be bought at every shop. And as for my crown, why, my dear lady, I have on a smoking-cap; and now let me entreat you not to go so very stiffly in your hoops, and to be careful not to plaster the rouge on more than half an inch thick, and to-morrow I will give you some good advice about your head-dress; meanwhile, madam, *au revoir;*" and he kisses his hand and saunters away to his coffee-house, where Steele will kneel down and kiss the list slippers.

There is nothing more delightful in its way, but the charming essayist could not conceal the king. How different the kind of impression which the ladies of the *Spectator* leave upon your mind, and that which you derive from Shakspeare! To read Shakspeare from end to end is like walking through a realm of noble women. They have various characters, and countries, and fashions; they are not of a certain class, and treated in a uniform manner. The *Spectator* ladies have the air of drawing-rooms, and the dear, genial old gossip himself is always pitching his voice into a certain tender key of patronage.

It is this key which we call not quite respectful, and which is the tone in which you women are usually addressed.

Now in the bower where we would have our conversations, it will be very hard not to go down upon our knees at intervals; but we should prefer talking about matters in which you can be of the greatest service to lovers, brothers, sons, and husbands. You know there are many grave men who, whenever they hear of the inflation which has caused the present great commercial crisis, think only of your expanding skirts. They seriously call it, in moments of forgetfulness, the great commercial crinoline; and the wisest woman of you all, if she appear in flounces, is subject to the suspicion of frivolity; and if she dare to eschew both hoop and flounce, to the sneer of dowdiness.

Good humor and good sense will do every thing; and you have gained a great point when the old gentleman is convinced that it is not a jot more absurd for Jane to wear twenty flounces than it is for John to have dandy coats. Does his fast son or his fast daughter cost him most? Which pains him most? Which will be most likely to renounce extravagance first?

Let us think of these things and adjourn to next week.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

The Emperors of France and Russia have lately met at Stuttgardt, and the occasion was so agreeable to Napoleon that he is said to desire a similar meeting with all his other royal and imperial cousins.

In the general topsyturveyness of Europe, and the extreme doubt in which every potentate lives whether his crown is really firm upon his head, it is amusing to watch the address of the parvenu French Emperor. His whole career has not yet ceased to be droll as well as astonishing. All the imperial perfume of the Tuileries can not quite eradicate the odor of Leicester Square old clo', and the tradition of royalty is so entirely annihilated in France, that when the Queen of England flies into the arms of her Gallic ally the spectator sees only the embrace of a special constable.

But the consummate address which has seated Louis Napoleon upon the throne of all the Bourbons, Hugh Capet, and My Uncle, never deserts him. He did not affect imperiality so much that he would not marry an Anglo-Scotch Spanish lady, if he chose. He does not loftily forget Strasbourg and Ham, and now in Stuttgardt he knows how to propitiate popular favor. It was understood that the Empress of Russia was opposed to the coming of the Lady Eugénie, fearing that, in the amplitude of France's crinoline, Russia might be entangled and obscured. So Napoleon left his wife at home.

But what it was feared the flounces of Eugénie might do to the Empress, the tact of Louis did to the Emperor. Alexander seems to have been entirely extinguished by the Frenchman. France rode prancing horses, while Russia poked sedately upon a safe hack; France promenaded the street arm in arm with a native officer, while Russia did no such thing; and France listened to a German opera, and applauded after the curtain fell, while Russia was doubtless snoring in the imperial sheets.

This gallantry and superb condescension is never lost upon masses of men accustomed to monarchs, but it is of no use. It is, of course, impossible not to feel that Louis Napoleon is playing emperor, as he played special constable. But he would have knocked a Chartist upon the head with a precision and force that would doubtless have broken it; and even so he holds his imperial sceptre, taking the game entirely in earnest. The people who saw him in the capital of Wirtemberg, perhaps remembered that his uncle once sent them a king, and recognized in him a proper descendant. But we may be sure that all the tact of the parvenu emperor, however seductive, was not profoundly deceptive. Protectors and king-makers always charmed the multitude. Warwick, Northumberland, Somerset, were haughty and magnificent, yet obsequious. They flashed down the street; but Tower-Hill ended the perspective.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIME.

It is hard for you, dear madam, to forego your winter furs, but the husband is inexorable. It is heart-rending for you, dear Laura, to have no new dress for the first ball this season. It is sad for you, hard-working Mary, to be forced to work harder as you grow older.

But think for a moment: there are seven English women in Delhi.

Their names, their condition, their age, we do not know. A young officer mentions in his letter only that they are there. And you have read of Cawnpore—you have read of the two little child's feet found upon the road—you have seen that nameless scrap of woman's writing, "Mamma died, July 12. Alice died, July 9. George died, June 27. Entered the barracks, May 21. Cavalry left, June 5. First shot fired, June 6. Uncle Willy died, June 18. Aunt Lilly died, June 17. Left barracks, June 27. Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river." You know what followed. History will tell it and weep over it forever.

Seven English women in Delhi! Tenderly nursed, gentle, accomplished—we may be sure—who had followed husbands, brothers, parents to India, looking for a living; dazzled with the romance of life there, writing gay letters home describing the wondrous climate and the spectacle of Hindoo splendor—writing sad letters of home-sickness, longing, fond affection, looking to the happy day when the low shore of Bengal should sink forever behind the ship bound for England or the steamer up the Persian Gulf.

Will you follow those letters to their destination, to quiet English homes far off in rich valleys, among showery hills, where old parents wait and pray and wonder over the coming of the Indian mail?

England is roused at last, and will do dreadful justice if she can. But it is not to be hoped that those women in Delhi will escape. Whether the city surrender, or its garrison conquer—whether the retiring Hindoo or the entering British destroy it—as destroyed it will be—those captives will be victims, and we know the Sepoy crimes.

It is *very* hard, madam, that you should not have your furs. As you very justly remark, there is no reason why you should not be comfortable because seven unhappy English women suffer Sepoy tortures. You *are* sorry for them, and it is all dreadful. But when you think of them, and of their melancholy fate, would it be inconvenient to you to think also of those seventy times seven women who are captive in no Delhi, but only in your own city—and who are subject to the mercy of no Sepoy—but only of starvation?

DRY GOODS AT A DISCOUNT.

NOT BY MRS. TOODLES.

My dear Sir,—Can any thing be more distractingly tempting than the dry-goods stores at this moment? Broadway looks like a huge fair in very low spirits—every window and counter imploring you, in immense black letters, to come in and buy. Who can resist, I should like to know, when silks are to be had for nothing, laces for the looking at, velvets for the wishing, or, at any rate, for such a very trifling modicum in the way of cash that it need scarcely be mentioned? It is a sin and a shame to remain at home when such bargains are about!

Such are our feelings, and, spite of the "crisis," spite of the "total absence of money in the market," we seem to have been unusually busy in shopping this week. Active as we always are, at this time of the year, in that absorbing pursuit, I must say our energy and decision in securing all we can get during the spasms of the panic are deserving of great praise, and might serve as examples to the more conceited set during some of *their* difficulties.

"But, oh, my sisters! (I believe that is the phrase in these days of philanthropic remonstrance) what becomes of the heroic economy I hear preached on every side; the pleasingly domestic letters in the morning papers, advocating retrenchment in every thing and expenditure in nothing; the hints about two dinners off one joint; the suggestions as to the continual use of corn and beans (there *are* some journals, you know, very cereally inclined); the harangues to "Bridget" on the subject of "no waste;" then the disinterested desire to appear another season in last year's cloak, to wear the old bonnet again, and so forth; which virtuous resolves have been made very public by some courageous minds, for the benefit of us frailer women, I suppose? What became of all this magnanimity the other day, when Messrs. Lambert offered all their "goods" at a sacrifice, and A. T. Stewart threw all *his* tempting wares in our very laps, and all the other dry-goods stores set themselves the task of trying which could be the most irresistible in these hard times?

Alas for our republican virtues! Where are the "earnest" minds that meant to be so philosophic? Where are the "large views," the "high aims" we were to act upon only last week? Where is the spirit that made Carthaginian ropes out of soft, flowing tresses? is it altogether extinct in this generation, or do we wear too much false hair to make similar sacrifices practicable? Must our wisdom evaporate at the prospect of "cheap silks?" Must our aspirations be smothered under "velvet at less than cost?" Must our resolutions be softened by "these delicate embroideries," our firmness be "reduced" like these "loves of laces?" Well, I suppose we were intended to be strong (or weak, which is it?) in the matter of shopping, or it is hardly possible we could have been so for these many thousands of years unless Providence specially permitted it. What *is* woman but a spending animal—a creature whose destiny is to buy, whose heart is "a bargain," whose soul is "an immense reduction," whose very existence is "an alarming sacrifice?" But I must— It is a time for action, not for philosophy.

Mary, Sarah, and Eliza, with Angelina, Georgina, and Wilhelmina, all of us, rich or poor, alike, however, in one great purpose, flock eagerly into Broadway, anxious to enjoy the sport, and each hopeful of bagging her little game. *Your* sex has had its excitement during the "revulsion;" it is now *our* turn to turn out, and speculate on the signs of the times; and in honest truth we enjoy it. The weather, certainly, has not been favorable for our taking the field, but enthusiasm in a cause leads us to disregard all that. (*Nota Bene.* I must say, those who make under garments a study, have had rare opportunities lately for improving themselves. Never were so many women out in the bad weather; never was there such a display of the various kinds of petticoats in use. On the whole, it has been quite an interesting exhibition. Here you see a gray skirt under a white ditto, or a brown one under a gray; then a fine cambric all mud and dirt, or an embroidered one considerably damaged by the day's duty; and, more mysteriously attractive than all, the entire mechanism of the hoop department, ingenuously unvailed to the human (masculine) eye! I must confess I should sometimes like to see a little more nicety. As close an imitation of French neatness in the under-clothing, as one sees attempted in the outer garments, would be very acceptable occasionally. But while I am speculating on the wonders of a dark petticoat beneath a light one (!), and considering whether it is actually shocking, or only absurd, I am forcibly dragged to a tempting store-window).

"Oh, such great bargains!" exclaims Angelina. "Let's go in!"

A ravishing sight meets the eye; vanquished at once, we boldly enter upon our duties.

"Look at this splendid silk! only twelve shillings a yard; worth at least twenty!"

We whisper our comments to each other, unwilling that the shopman should find we regard any thing as cheap, for we fully intend offering even less money than he asks. But the young man overhears us, and politely murmurs a correction.

"Madam, that silk is a three dollar silk. At *any* time it would be cheap at that! If you notice the quality you will perceive that," etc., etc.

"And how much are these flounced robes?"

"Twelve dollars the dress, miss; reduced from two-and-twenty. A very récherché style, and makes up to great advantage!"

"What do you ask for these robes à quille?"

"That style is selling very rapidly ma'am, at sixteen dollars, the original price thirty. You will observe they are worth even more, and at any other period than the present—"

"Oh, this beautiful blue! my favorite shade! and so difficult to meet with! I *must* secure that!"

It really is a lovely blue; the Marie Louise shade, which I adore. It would be heresy to one's articles of (toilet-) faith to pass over it; it would be positive ingratitude, a base tempting of Providence not to take possession of it immediately. Besides, this peculiar tint is so troublesome to make, I believe, that one only encounters it once or twice in a life-time. What a becoming color it is too! Not sombre and heavy like the mazarine, nor cold and watery like a pale sky-blue. No, it is brilliant and rich in tone, throws up the complexion well (provided you have a decent one), can be worn any where, or on any occasion, is suitable always, and is always charming! Then, again, husbands generally approve of blue! They pardon more extravagance in blue than in any other color; don't you think?

So the beautiful blue is taken (these many arguments are quite irresistible), and one countenance at least among us looks calm and serene.

Strange as it may seem, we all, in these days, carry our own parcels; with mud to avoid, and skirts to manage, it gives us enough to do, I assure you; but at such exciting times, and with such prizes in hand, it would hardly be safe to trust to their vendors' second thoughts.

"Now for the laces," cries the impatient Sarah.

"Here are some beautiful thread-lace vails, ladies, offered at far below the cost of importation. Observe this handsome pattern, Madam, rounded at the corners—the very latest style!"

Some one nudges me to "look at that pretty spotted one! very fine in quality, and with *such* a sweet border!"

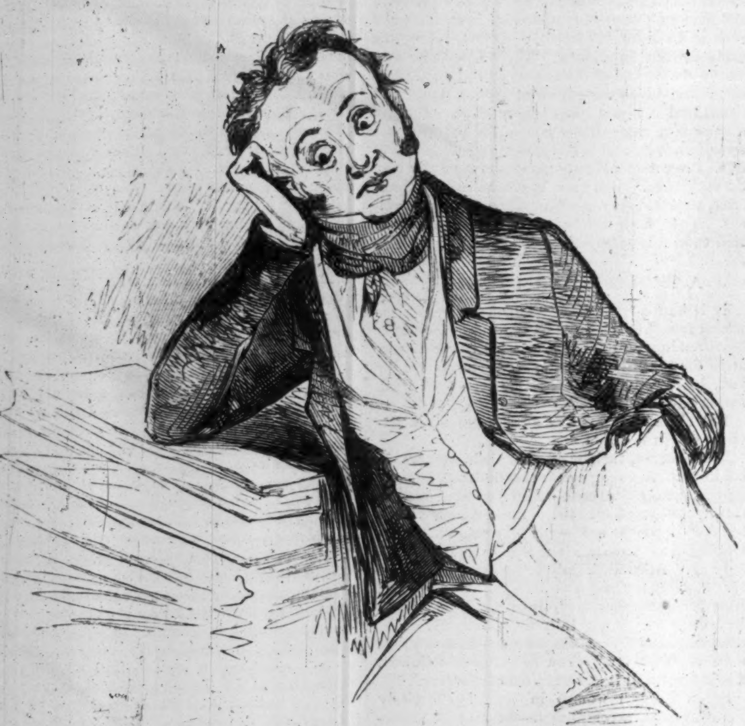
"Small spots are so becoming, you know."

It's a fact. If you notice a face looking particularly well under a vail, you will generally find that vail to be spotted. The smaller the spots the more becoming the features, and, unfortunately for us, the higher the price.

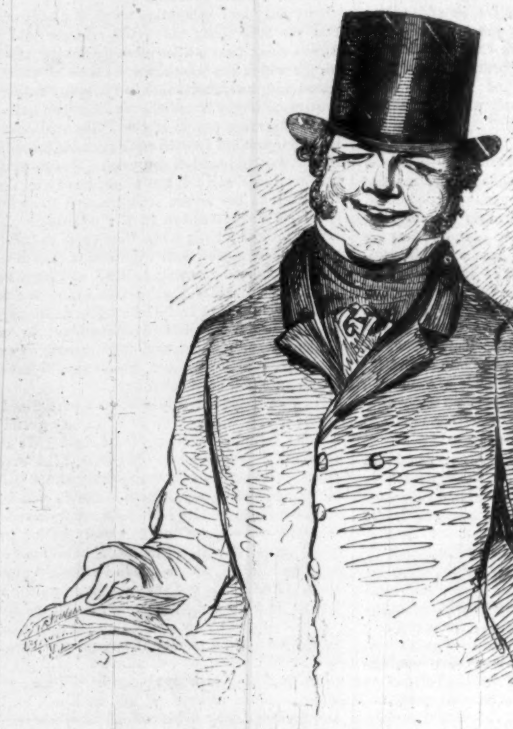
It stands to reason, then, that if a very finely-spotted vail comes so directly in one's way, and can be had for a mere nothing, it would be perfectly insane to omit buying it. We happen to be all rather sensible women; the probability, therefore, is, that one or other of us will be rational enough to view the matter in its true light, and to purchase the vail at once.

Thus the day passes on, the same little drama being played apropos of a hundred other "necessary and absolutely indispensable articles;" but I have said enough to show you how much occupied we are, and what agreeable though urgent business "the panic" has brought upon us!

Yours truly.



QUARTER TO THREE, AND NO FUNDS!



THREE MILLIONS EXPANSION.

THE TIMES.

TEN days before the Banks suspended Jones was in the lowest depths of despair. He had a bill to meet at three; and after incredible effort, wanting five thousand, had succeeded in borrowing two hundred and fifty.

He went back to his office overwhelmed. It was a quarter to three. There was no hope left. Despair!

At that moment in rushed Gunton, of Front Street, with a shout, and two handfuls of bills.

"Jones, my boy, hurrah! The Banks have resolved to expand three millions—*three millions*—THREE MILLIONS! Do you hear? So now, my boy, I can let you have what you want—how much is it?"

Jones was saved—at that time. Most unhappily, as it turned out, the Banks, instead of expanding three millions, curtailed five; and instead of getting Jones out of the scrape, they got poor Gunton in. Both, as is known, suspended last week.

On receipt of the news Mrs. Jones hastened to her Savings' Bank, elbowed her way to the desk, presented her book, and demanded her money.

"Madam," said the clerk, persuasively, "are you sure you want to draw this money out in specie?"

"Mrs. Jones," said a director, with a virtuous frown, "do you know that you are injuring your fellow-depositors?"

"And setting an example of great folly to less educated persons in this community?" struck in another director.

"Let me advise you to reflect," interposed the clerk, still blandly.

"To wait for a day or two at least," said the director.

At last there was a pause.

Mrs. Jones had been collecting herself. She burst now. In a scream which was heard throughout the building, and over all the din:

"Will you pay me my money, yes or no?"

They paid her instantly.

Now, said she, poor dear Jones and the children have something to rely upon for the winter; and she hugged the fat little bag which contained her gold.

As she hastened up Broadway her eye was caught by the signs in the shop-windows. "These goods sold at wholesale prices." "Selling off at half cost." "Bargains to be had for two days—now or never!" "We must realize ten thousand to-day at any sacrifice."

Her eye fell on a piece of muslin de laine which would make such lovely dresses for the children. She priced it—dirt cheap; she bought it. The clerk actually forced her toward a pile of winter dresses; they were positively given away; she bought two, one for herself, the other for Maria. Fearful of spending more, she ran out of the shop. A little farther on there was a sign—"These sheetings sold at a quarter of their cost!" If there was a thing needed in Jones's household it was sheets. Mrs. J. would only take two pair. In she went, and bought six. Blankets? Blankets for a song? Well, she would just have one pair. They were so ridiculously cheap that she took four pair, paid for them, and ran home.

Home? Not quite yet. Was it possible that Brussels carpets were selling at seven shillings, and their drawing-room carpet all in holes, while poor Jones's smoking-room had no carpet at all? She bought a carpet.

Then she went home. Yes, quite straight home, only stopping twice, once to buy some stuff for under-clothing for herself and the girls, and once to pick up some lovely material for curtains, which, like every thing else, was being given away.

At the door of her home she met Jones, very haggard, and gloomy as a man who looks Poverty in the face.

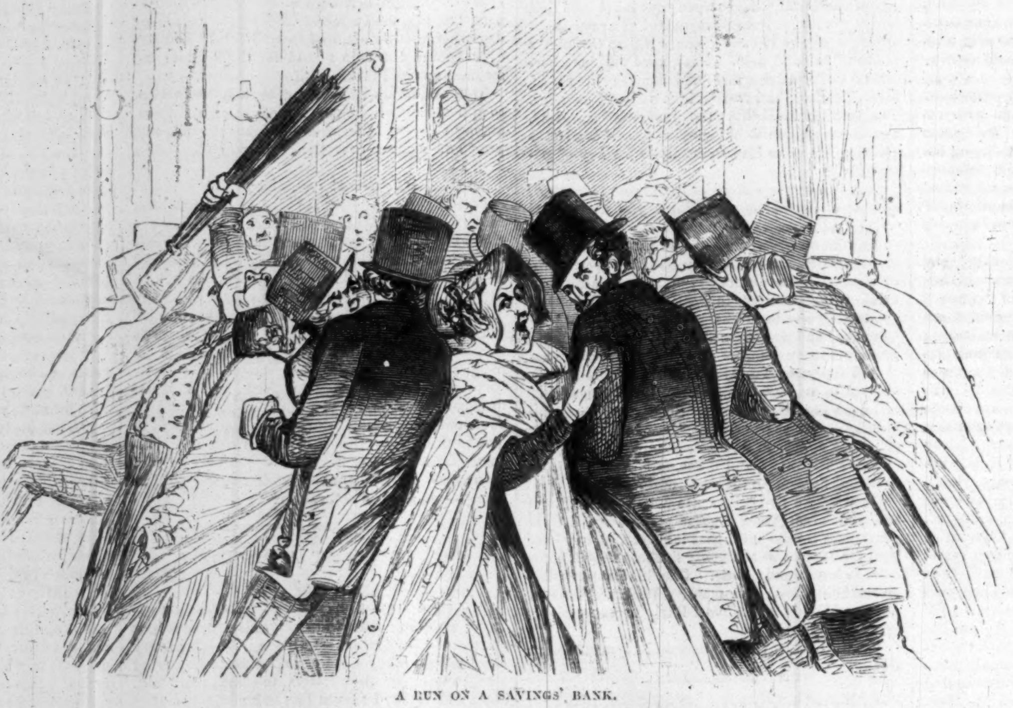
"Where have you been?"

"Ah, Tom!" exclaimed his breathless wife, laying down her parcels, "you'll love me now. You never thought of the Savings' Bank?"

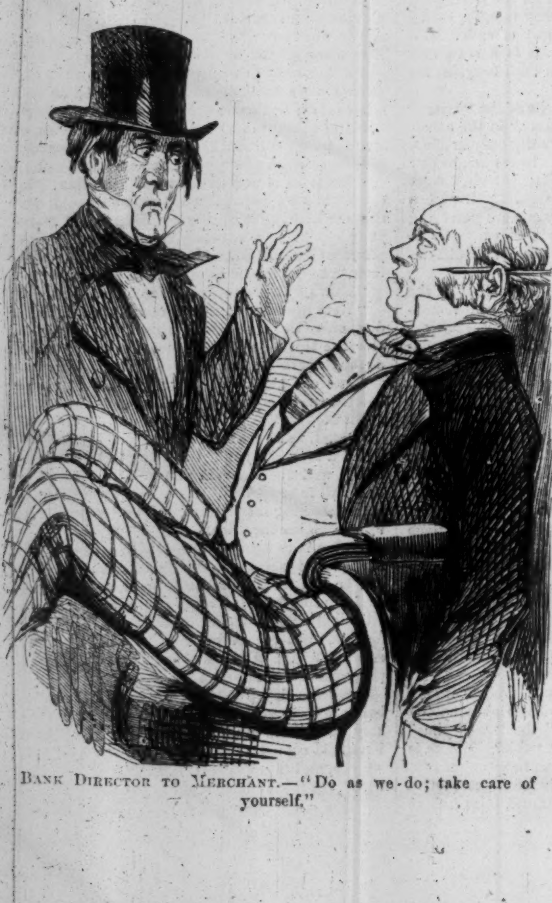
"True. Had you any thing there?"

"Hadn't I? Enough for our winter, my dear—and such bargains as I've made besides. Oh! I have had such work, fighting my way through the crowd of rude creatures at the Savings' Bank, and then nearly being cheated at last by the President and the clerks. But I knew what I was about, and I carried my point. Oh! dear, dear Jones, how tired and breathless and good for nothing I do feel, to be sure!"

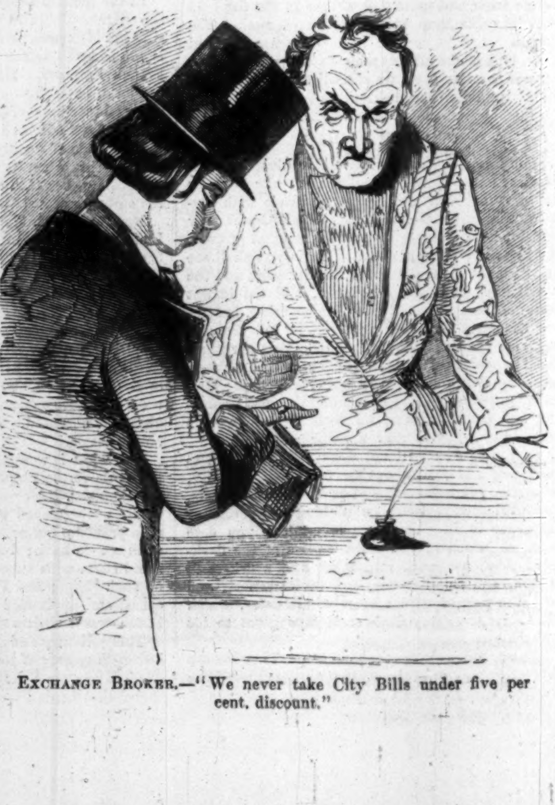
Poor Tom felt his heart rise as he discovered this new proof of his wife's thoughtfulness and economy. He pressed her to his breast, and called her his darling, darling Emma; and, as she sat on his knee, listened to her story of the struggle she had to get the money—all in gold—out of the Savings' Bank. "But here it is," said she, and so saying she pulled out the bag, counted its contents, and found that she had left, out of the fund which was to keep them all winter—just seven dollars and fifty cents!



A RUN ON A SAVINGS' BANK.



BANK DIRECTOR TO MERCHANT.—"Do as we do; take care of yourself."



EXCHANGE BROKER.—"We never take City Bills under five per cent. discount."

OVER THE WAY.

I.

WHEN cold-hearted Poverty knocks at my door,
And robs me of blessings I gathered before,
Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
And robes my dear Nelly in meaner attire,
I envy sometimes in the heat of the day
My very good friend who lives over the way.

II.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
And count o'er the joys I was never denied—
My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
My health and my conscience unsullied and free—
No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

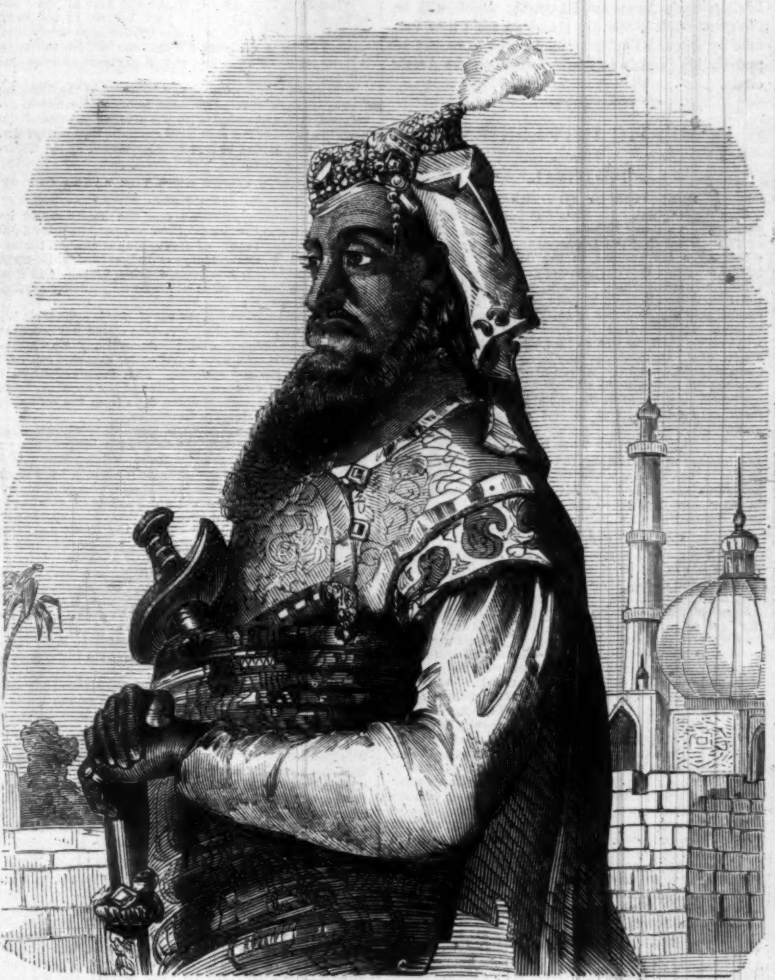
III.

He's wealthy, but feeble; he's titled, but old;
His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold;
Suspicious of others, ill-pleased with himself,
His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

IV.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
I'll neither be beaten nor vainly deplore;
I'll scare him away by hard work if I can,
And look in his face with the heart of a man;
And, hiving at home all the joys that I may,
Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.

CHARLES MACKAY.



SREENATH *alias* NENA SAHIB.

NENA SAHIB.

THE portrait given herewith of the now famous Nena Sahib, the murderer of the English at Cawnpore, is taken from a sketch recently made in India, and forwarded to Major Gardini in England. It certainly corresponds with all that we have heard of the treachery and blood-thirstiness of the Maharajah.

There is some doubt respecting the birth and exact legal *status* of Nena Sahib. But the best authorities assert that he is the son of the Soubadar of the late Peishwah Bahee Rao. The Peishwah, having been despoiled of his inheritance by the East India Company, was in receipt of a pension from them by way of compensation; and, by the law of Hindostan and the terms of the grant, that pension was to descend to his heirs. He died without heirs born of his body. But before death he adopted as his son this Nena Sahib, whose real name is Sreenath, and left him his estate, property, and claims on the Company. Sreenath found no difficulty in obtaining possession of his adopted father's castle at Bithoor; but when he appealed to the Company for his pension, he was flatly refused. He sent several agents to England to entreat the Board of Directors and the Board of Control; but these bodies make a rule of confirming the decisions of the Indian Government in such matters, and, like the Princes of Oude, Sreenath, or Nena Sahib, found that his agents might as well have staid at home.

This grievance appears to have been the great sorrow of his life. English officers testify that of all the native princes none were so affable to the English or so desirous of their society as Nena Sahib; but he never caught an Englishman at his castle that he did not tell him the whole story of his wrongs, and solicit his intercession in his behalf with the Queen. Cawnpore, which is only twelve miles from Bithoor, is a large military station; the officers used to go over to shoot on the Sahib's estate, and Nena's complaints of the manner in which he had been treated by the Company became a familiar subject of conversation and jest at the Cawnpore mess-table.

One of the officers who was admitted to Nena's castle thus describes his interview:

"I was asked into the august presence of this *soi-disant* Peishwah, and found him seated upon a cushion raised somewhat in the form of a throne of state, he (the magnate) sitting as a tailor is supposed to sit. He immediately shook me cordially by the hand; and I must not omit to state that, being myself a Bahadoor—that is, of the rank of one who wears a sword—I was not required to remove my shoes in going into his presence. He, through his moonshie, asked me many questions about the Queen, the nobility of England, particularly mentioning and inquiring after Lord Ellenborough (Burra' buhout Burra Lord Sahib), for whom—whether he knew him or not—he seemed to have a great respect and veneration. Whether this was assumed or not I can not say. He then asked me many questions about the Hon. East India Company, and appeared exhaustless in his queries about the Board of Control. These lasted about half an hour, and he then requested that I would make myself at home in his house, and remain as long as I pleased. He himself supplied me with a staff of servants, and furnished my "bazaas"—living and board—daily. He was, when I saw him, about twenty-eight years of age—he looked, however, at least forty. His figure is very fat—in fact, the very expression made use of by his own moonshie was, that 'his highness was a tight man.'"

His castle was a large and handsome building, which had been built for a former Commissioner; and his household comprised elephants, cavalry, men-at-arms, and a large harem, with the usual Oriental profusion of servants. By a singular inadvertence, the Company, while refusing to grant the pension which he claimed as of right, and actually spurning his efforts for redress, allowed him to keep a certain number of cannon on his castle wall.

When the rebellion broke out at Meerut and Delhi, Nena Sahib appears to have remained outwardly quiet. There can be no doubt now but he was, in secret, actively engaged in mustering the army with which he has done such terrible work; but for some time after the fighting had begun at Delhi, he continued to associate on a footing of intimacy and confidence with the officers of the Cawnpore garrison. Even when the Sepoys at that post mutinied, and it became evident that the small band of Europeans would have to fight for their lives, he sent repeated messages to Sir Hugh Wheeler, assuring him of his sympathy, and promising him material aid. It was not till the Cawnpore garrison was surrounded, and saved only from instant slaughter by the artillery of the fort, that Nena Sahib appeared in person on the scene, at the head of a strong body of natives, and joined the mutineers *with the cannon which the Company had so imprudently allowed him to retain.*

It was these cannon, as is known, which decided the very unequal contest. Sir Hugh Wheeler dead, the garrison terribly weakened, and all hope of an ultimately successful resistance cut off, the British commanding officer sent to Nena Sahib to treat for a surrender. He was met in the most frank and friendly spirit. Nena guaranteed that not a hair of any one's head should be injured, provided the fort were surrendered to him. On these conditions he entered Cawnpore.

The remainder of the horrid tale is easily told. A portion of the captives he shipped on board boats which they were told would carry them down the Ganges to a place of safety; as soon as they were embarked he gave the signal, his men opened fire, and all—men, women, and children—were shot or drowned. The others died in the fort. The officers and men of the 84th regiment, all the civilians, merchants, shopkeepers, engineers, pensioners, etc., were slaughtered with indescribable barbarity. The women and children were reserved for a worse fate. Every day a few of them were killed, after undergoing outrages at the hands of Nena Sahib and his followers which can not be described.

It is supposed that there were two hundred women and young girls in his hands when the gallant Havelock attacked Cawnpore, and wrested it from him. As soon as Nena saw the day going against him, he gave orders to finish the remainder of the prisoners. The whole two hundred were brought into a court-yard. They were stripped of their clothing, and Sepoys were sent in among them to complete the massacre. Of course we have no account of that heart-rending scene from an eye-witness. But the court-yard was viewed with horror by many within a few hours after the catastrophe.

The floor was ankle-deep in blood—the blood of women and children. The walls were scarred with sword and bayonet cuts—not at five or six feet from the ground, as would have been the case had men fought there, but close to the pavement, at the height the forms of poor crouching, wounded women must have lain. Here and there were long tresses of ladies' hair, glued to the walls with blood; and little children's hats, and scraps of their clothing.

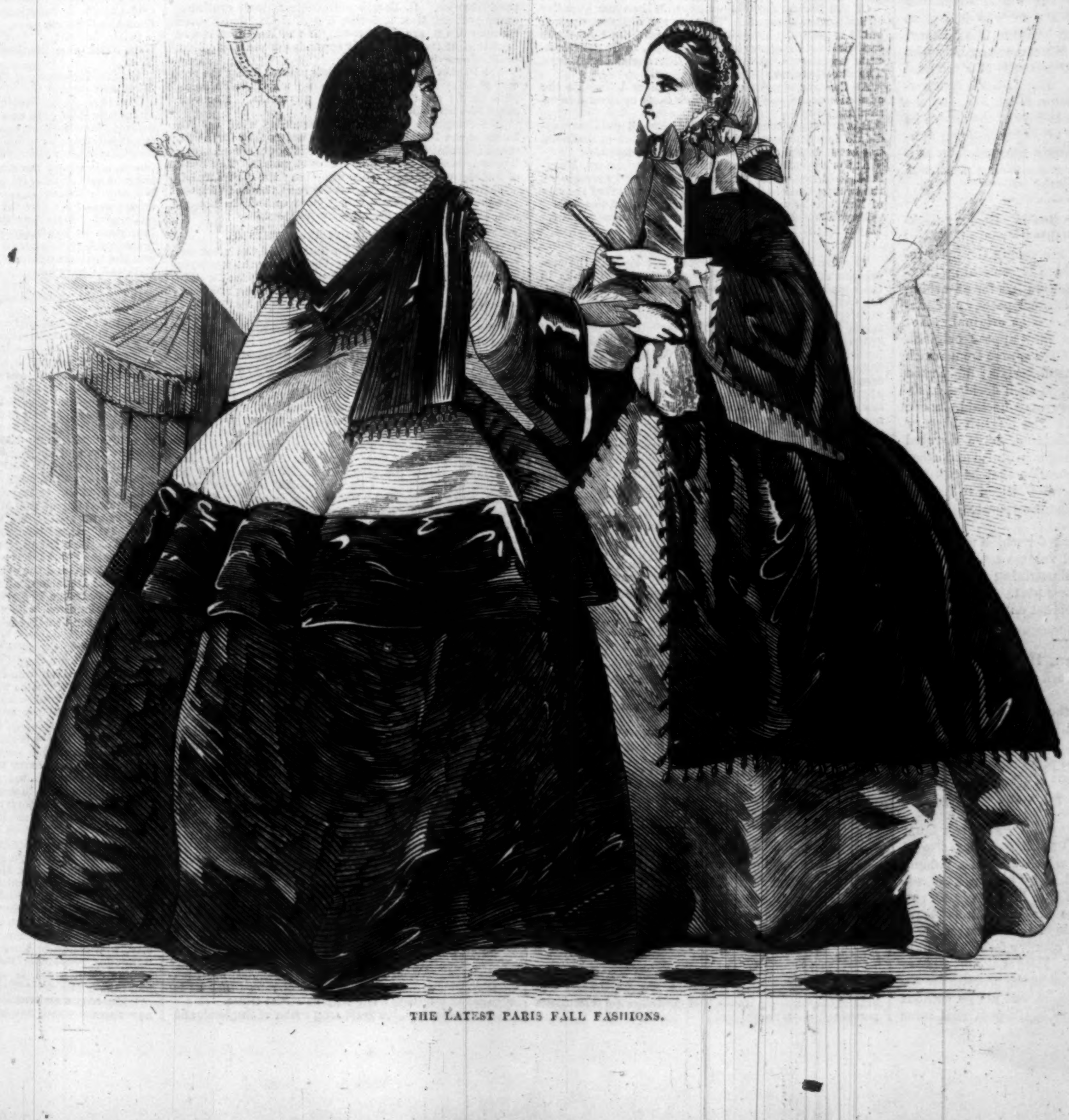
Outside stood a well. Into that well the bodies of the victims were thrown. So horrid a sight was this, that soldiers fresh from the battle-field declared they dared not look twice into it. All the bodies were naked; all were hacked and mutilated in the most horribly obscene manner; evincing no mere spirit of resistless brutal impulse, but a methodical and ingenious purpose to defile and to outrage. Refined and educated ladies, young girls, little infants, all lay together in one huddled mass—some headless, some with mutilated limbs, all steeped in blood.

This was the exploit of Nena Sahib. It seems cold and almost frivolous to add to this, that, having intercepted a body of fugitives from Futtyghur, he put them to a like death—men, women, and children together. Over one thousand human creatures of English birth has this monster murdered.

We can not resist the temptation to reproduce from our last week's number a little memorandum which was found in the slaughter-house at Cawnpore when the English took it. It was written in a child's hand, on a crumpled bit of paper, and had probably been forced from the little hand which penned it at the time of the general massacre. It ran as follows:

"Mamma died, July 12.
"Alice died, July 9.
"George died, June 27.
"Entered the barracks, May 21.
"Cavalry left, June 5.
"First shot fired, June 6.
"Uncle Willy died, June 18.
"Aunt Lilly, June 17.
"Left barracks, June 27.
"Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river."

Stories of Nena Sahib's being lately drowned in the Jumna, with all his family, have been given in the papers. However these tales arose, they are false. He still lives.



THE LATEST PARIS FALL FASHIONS.

LITERARY.

THE MEMORIAL; or, the Life and Writings of an Only Daughter, *by her Mother*, authoress of "Shady Side;" with an Introductory Notice, *by Rev. A. L. Stone*. Boston: John P. Jewett.

Memoirs of young persons, especially of young persons whose only merit was their superior piety, are apt to be very stupid books. Their histories are like their lives—very uniform and monotonous—so that we are rather apt to rejoice at reaching the end, and with a satisfaction that, after all, the world has not lost much by the early death of such very good but very commonplace children. In fact, memoirs of pious young people are the most worthless books, as well as the most intolerably dull, that the press is apt to give us.

Hence the surprising merit of the book before us. It is a rare and delightful story. The life of Miss Hubbell was a poem of exceeding beauty, sometimes ascending into the regions of the sublime. Such most certainly was the last day of her life, when this young girl could write such lines as these:

Soul of mine,
Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,
With clasped hands before an empty shrine,
Give thanks! The heaven hath opened! There is light!

The specimens of her poetry and prose writings given in the volume indicate an order of intellect that is surprising in one of her age, and at the same time afford a study for those who would see the development of a child's intellect as she grows to the maturity of womanhood. She was the daughter of a country clergyman. No daughters have more opportunities of receiving those instructions, as well of experience as of precept, that ennoble the female mind. She grew up in the alternate shadows and lights of a country parsonage. Somehow the parsonage always stands near the burial-ground, and the view out of the windows of a country minister's house is apt to be sombre even in the brightest mornings of spring. But her heart seems to have been light, and her hopes to have been budding and giving good promise when the cloud came. Her story ends abruptly at the little mound in the North Stonington grave-yard, over which is inscribed a mother's exquisite thought: "Our Mary, child of genius and of song; child, too, of God."

We commend the book to all classes of readers as a most touching and beautiful poem—the epic of a young girl's life, ending with her ascension into the company of the pure.

MABEL VAUGHAN, *by the Author of* "The Lamplighter." Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This new story by Miss Cumings, whose last book was so popular, has some of the characteristics of that, but not the same merits. As delineations of American character—its tastes, employments, and follies, in city and country—her sketches are true and life-like. But there is a great deal too much of the book before us, and the reader will skip page after page of dull reflection or moral which interrupts, here and there, the current of a very pleasant story.

The history of young Vaughan, his youthful follies and his escapes from them, is a master-piece of instructive story-writing. It would sometimes seem impossible but that a man who had gone through just such life had written this history. The plan of the book is the life of a young lady who leaves school to find herself mistress of a splendid New York establishment. Her father's commercial reverses change the course of her life, and she emerges from the fashionable lady of the city to be the excellent housekeeper of a broken-down family at the West. Her sister's life and fate, as a pure woman of fashion, form the telling portion of the book.

CITY POEMS, *by Alexander Smith*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Alexander Smith's poems are among the most remarkable of the age. There is something inexplicable in the facility which he has for absorbing the ideas and illustrations of other poets, and enunciating them in his own poems as original. Nor can we doubt that to him they appear original. He is doubtless ignorant of the source from which his mind derives most of its materials; and in the reproduction he gives to them such decided freshness and novelty that they may be said, in one sense, to be his property. The English literary papers, especially the *Athenæum*, have devoted large space to parallel passages in Smith and other poets, leaving it beyond question that he has English and American poets, from Milton to Poe, so thoroughly by heart, that he incorporates them in his very imagination.

The "City Poems," a title for which we can not find any reason, is a small volume containing six poems, each, in its way, illustrating the peculiar abilities and faults of the new poet. On the whole we think them an improvement on his former volume.

PAPER DOLLS' FURNITURE, HOW TO MAKE IT, *by C. B. Allair*. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

A capital little book for the children, wherewith they will learn how to while away a great many play-hours, cut up a great deal of paper, dull their mothers' scissors, and make play-houses with beds, sofas, chairs, tables, and lots of other furniture, all by the aid of the aforesaid paper and scissors.

Ticknor & Fields also publish PROPRIAE QUÆ MARIBUS and THE BOX TUNNEL, two short stories *by Charles Reade*, one of which is from a volume of stories recently published by him in England, and called "The course of true love never did run smoothe." They continue the WAVERLEY NOVELS, by issuing the "Bride of Lammermoor."

The present state of the country forbids the publication of many volumes. Most of the presses are suspended for a little time, but the promise for the winter is good, and the public will not be without good reading for dull days. Harpers will issue Livingstone's AFRICAN TRAVELS, which will be the great book of the day; and we see a new volume by Bayard Taylor announced as in course of preparation which will take us within the Arctic circle.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

DEPLETION OF THE TREASURY.

THE pending financial crisis has had the effect of depleting the Treasury as far as the law allows. The law of 1853 directs that the Department shall not purchase stocks after the amount in the Treasury falls below $6,000,000; and this exclusive of certain amounts in the mints and branch mints. The Secretary decided that the limit fixed by the law had been reached last week, and accordingly all purchases of stock are suspended for the present. It seems that the amount in the mints somewhat exceeds $6,000,000, so that the whole sum in possession of the Government may be set down at somewhat more than $13,000,000. As the new tariff has materially reduced the Government receipts from the customs, it is apprehended that before the end of the year the Government may find itself in serious pecuniary embarrassment.

TROOPS FOR INDIA.

A number of applications to serve in the British army in India have been made to Lord Napier; but that nobleman has replied that his Government has not authorized him to sanction the employment of foreigners in that war.

THE REPORT ON FIRE-ARMS.

The Board appointed to test certain fire-arms, say in their report to the Secretary of War, recently received, that after full and careful consideration of all those tried, they are of unanimous opinion that the breech-loading rifle submitted by General Burnside, of Rhode Island, is the best suited to the military service, as the breech-loading arm is thought to be simple and strong in its parts, and therefore less liable to get out of order than any other. In expressing this opinion they do not wish to be understood as disparaging the merits of the other guns, for they consider that some of them possess much more merit, and evince much ingenuity in their construction. They feel it their duty to state that they have seen nothing in these trials to lead them to think that a breech-loading arm has yet been invented which is suited to replace the muzzle-loading gun for foot troops; on the contrary, they have seen much to impress them with an opinion unfavorable to the use of a breech-loading arm for general military purposes.

Although the Board was ordered to give an opinion upon rifles alone, the attention of members was called to Colt's revolving pistol, fitted upon a movable rifle-stock. It performed so well that they recommended it to the Secretary of War as a superior arm for the mounted service; and suggested a board of Dragoon officers to test it thoroughly. Nineteen different patterns of arms were tested by the Board.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Elections have taken place, since our last number went to press, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas. At the present time, the official returns have not come to hand, and the results can not be described with certainty. It appears certain that the Democrats have carried Pennsylvania, and that General Parker is the Governor elect of that State. A Republican gain is reported to have been realized in the city of Philadelphia, but it is doubtful whether the Democratic majority in the State will be found to be materially diminished. In Ohio all is yet in doubt. Both parties claim to have won the day; the fight has been close, and nothing but the official returns will decide the victory. The more prevalent opinion at present appears to be that the State has been carried by the Democrats, and that Henry B. Payne, of Cleveland, is the Governor elect. We have no authentic intelligence from Iowa, either; but there, as elsewhere, it is supposed that the Democrats have run ahead of the opposition, and that Benjamin M. Samuels, of Dubuque, is elected Governor. It is likewise conjectured that the Democrats have been successful in Minnesota, and that Henry H. Sibley is elected Governor.

Of the Kansas election we have an immense quantity of undigested accounts. They do not settle any point; but it is generally conceded that Parrott, the Republican candidate for Congress, has been elected, while the Democrats may have a majority in the Territorial Legislature. The election went off quietly.

At the late elections in Mississippi and Georgia the administration party carried each State by several thousand majority.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Case, Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth District of Indiana, has been elected over his Democratic opponent.

At the Charter election in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, held last week, the Americans carried nineteen of the twenty wards.—The Democrats have carried the city of Newark, New Jersey, with a large margin to spare.

Mayor Wood, of New York, has been renominated for Mayor by the Democrats of this city.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

The financial crisis culminated last week in the suspension of specie payments by nearly all the banks in the country. On Monday evening last a very hostile feeling to the banks was created among the mercantile community by the evidences, in the Bank Statement, of a continued contraction. Early on Tuesday morning there were symptoms of a panic, and some of the foreign banking-houses prepared to protect themselves by drawing specie from the banks. By noon the run upon the banks became general. The scene in Wall Street was unparalleled; from twenty to thirty thousand persons thronged the sidewalks and choked the entrances to the banks, demanding specie for notes and checks. At many counters the bank-officers were obliged to send for the police to maintain order. Before the close of bank hours eighteen city banks, to wit, the

North River Bank,
Ocean Bank,
Irving Bank,
Merchants' Exchange Bank,
New York Exchange Bank,
Citizens' Bank,
Marine Bank,
Market Bank,
Chatham Bank,
Tradesman's Bank,
St. Nicholas Bank,
Butchers' and Drovers' Bk.,
People's Bank,
Bull's Head Bank,
New York Bank,
Leather Manufacturers' Bk.,
Artisans' Bank,
Broadway Bank,

closed their doors, their stock of specie having been exhausted. These banks, on the previous week's average, showed an aggregate of $1,482,363 in specie, $2,607,109 in circulation, and $11,673,366 in deposits.

GENERAL SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It was well understood on Tuesday afternoon that a general suspension of specie payments was inevitable. That evening the bank officers, after a long and animated session at the Clearing House, passed unanimously the following resolution:

"Whereas, in view of the excitement prevailing in this community, and the fact of the actual suspension of a number of the banks of this city,

"*Resolved*, That it is expedient that the banks of this city suspend specie payments to-morrow."

It turned out, on examination, that the city banks had lost since the previous week's average more than half their specie—which, from $11,476,000, was reduced to $5,500,000.

On Wednesday morning, accordingly, the following notice was fastened on the door of all the city banks except the Chemical, which continued and continues to pay specie.

"The business of the banks will be transacted exactly as heretofore, with the exception of paying specie. Checks will be received on deposit, and in payment of notes, and bank-notes will be paid out and received as usual."

COUNTRY NOTES TO BE TAKEN AT PAR.

On the same evening a meeting of bank officers was held at the Clearing House, and the following resolutions passed:

"*Resolved*, That the city banks will take at par notes of banks of the State of New York secured in the Bank Department at Albany, and also bills of such safety fund banks as may be designated from time to time, on deposit from our customers only, and in payment of notes due our banks respectively.

"That we will receive or pay balances at the Clearing House in such notes—the same being first counted, enveloped, tied, and sealed, with the amount certified on the parcel, whenever the sum shall exceed $1000—provided the sum be certified by an officer appointed by the Clearing House Association."

THE SUPREME COURT GETS THE BANKS OUT OF TROUBLE.

It was generally expected that the banks would instantly pass into the hands of receivers and be wound up; but the evening papers of Wednesday contained the following extra-judicial sentence of Judges Strong, Emmett, Birdseye, Mitchell, Roosevelt, Davies, Clerke, and Peabody, which had the effect of preventing further applications for receivers:

"In all cases in which the act of 1849 is applicable it is deemed to supersede the provisions of the Revised Statutes (2 R. S., 464, sec. 47-89). Accordingly, no creditor of a bank, who may have relief under that act, can have it under the Revised Statutes. That act gives the creditor a right to apply to a Justice of the Supreme Court only after the expiration of ten days from the refusal of a bank to pay its debts or liabilities.

"Even then a temporary and immediate injunction can be granted only, if, in the opinion of the Judges, it be expedient in order to prevent fraud or injustice. After both parties shall be heard before the Judge, he is to determine whether the bank is clearly solvent or not.

"A bank is clearly solvent which is clearly able to pay all its debts, although it may have suspended specie payments for a time. In the case of the North American Trust and Banking Company this principle was held by the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals.

"When a bank is clearly solvent, and its officers are acting in good faith, no receiver should be appointed.

"Where the act of 1849 does not apply—if the part of the Revised Statutes above referred to does apply—it is discretionary in the Supreme Court to grant an injunction or not. That discretion is controlled by legal rules, and the injunction should never be granted if the bank is clearly solvent.

"An *ex parte* order for an injunction should not be granted, even after a suspension of specie payments, unless it satisfactorily appears to the Judge that it is necessary to prevent fraud and injustice.

"The mere fact of suspension of specie payments (when it is general) is not of itself sufficient proof of fraud or injustice to authorize such injunction."

This sentence is held to screen the banks from legal prosecutions, and there seems to be no need even of an extra session of the Legislature. Governor King has the subject under consideration, but it is not considered likely that he will issue any proclamation.

THE EFFECT IN THE CITY.

The run on the city banks was accompanied by a run on the savings' banks, which paid out specie while they had it, and suspended in the train of the city banks.

The dry-goods dealers, being severely pressed for money are offering their goods at very reduced prices, and effecting large sales to Mrs. Toodles and her acquaintance. Some wholesale dry-goods dealers have thrown their goods into the retail market, and are realizing large sums from their sales.

Mercantile failures have been fewer during the week than heretofore; perhaps one hears less of them in the crash of greater suspensions. Among the New York houses which have failed since our last are Winslow, Lanier, & Co., Dykers and Alstyne, and several small dry goods and grocery houses.

The discharge of workmen from the various factories continues to alarm the thoughtful. Up to the present time it is said that near 13,000 men have been discharged from employment since the crisis began. A return of 1500 discharges from the iron foundries alone is before us.

Gold is not the treasure it was expected to prove. It is offered at 2 and 2¼ per cent. and hard of sale at 1¼. Very shortly it will be a drug in the market.

THE EFFECT ELSEWHERE.

The banks of Boston, New England, generally, and the West availed themselves of the suspension here, to suspend likewise. In Boston mercantile failures continue, among others, Messrs. Little, Alden, & Co., and Francis Skinner & Co. are mentioned. It has been resolved in Boston that the banks shall expand—on the shinplaster basis of course.

The Pennsylvania Relief Act has passed, fixing the second Monday in April next as the day when the Philadelphia banks must resume specie payments. The vote stood 56 ayes to 36 noes.

The Executive authorities threaten to wind up the banks of the District of Columbia, unless they forthwith resume specie payments. They are at loggerheads among themselves as to the proper course to pursue. The Bank of the Metropolis counsels resumption; the others resist.

The banks in the South are being run; those of Virginia and the Carolinas have generally suspended; in Louisiana, at latest dates, the majority held out.

WHAT NATHAN APPLETON THINKS.

Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, one of the most experienced financiers in the country, ascribes the revulsion wholly to the action of the New York city banks. He says: "The return for January 3, 1857, shows 104 millions of liabilities, with 11,172,000 dollars in specie.

"This varied very little from the returns of the preceding six months, and this state of things continued with little change, but with a slight tendency to increased expansion up to the 15th August. The greatest expansion was on the 2d of May, when the liabilities were 108 millions, with twelve millions of specie. The return of 15th August shows 101 millions of liabilities, and 11,360,000 of specie. From this a rapid contraction commenced, the liabilities being reduced on 5th September to 88 millions, with 10,227,000 of specie. Here the contraction ought to have ceased. The object was to stop the export of specie. That had been done. Exchange on London had fallen below the point at which specie could be shipped without loss. Can any mortal man give me a reason or an apology why contraction should continue a day after this point had been reached? The banks were then stronger than they had been for two years. But contraction did continue until, on the 3d October, the liabilities had been reduced to 76 millions—thus reducing the circulating medium of New York city, from July, 32 millions, or upwards of 30 per cent. Tremendous! Was the like ever known in the history of banking? I have no hesitation in saying it is this contraction of the New York banks since the 5th of September, without the slightest necessity, which has brought about the present disastrous crisis.

"There was no decided overtrade. There was no speculation, except by a few houses in sugar. There was no doubt an excess of imports, but no greater than for several years, and the effect of these was wholly cured on the 5th September by the rate of exchange on London. Why continue contraction further? Was not 88 millions with 10¼ millions of specie, being 11½ per cent., as safe a proportion as 104 millions in January, with 11 millions of specie, or 11 per cent. on their liabilities?

"There is but one answer. The New York banks have been acting under a panic, and that panic they have communicated to others, until there is almost a total loss of confidence. The consequences are before us, in the paralysis of all trade from Bangor to New Orleans, the stoppage of banks through a great part of the United States, the stoppage of factories, the discharge of thousands of laborers, the inability to bring our large crops of produce to market, the ruinous rate of two or three per cent. a month on the strongest paper, a ruinous depreciation in the price of all stocks, and even on exchange on London. In my whole experience I have never known a crisis so severe as the present, and, I must say, so wholly uncalled for."

PERSONAL.

The Hon. A. V. Brown, Postmaster-General, has been in the city for some days. It is understood that he is engaged in selecting a site for a new Post Office.

Charles Mackay, the great song writer of England, and one of the editors of the London *Illustrated News*, has just arrived in this country, and is about to deliver a series of lectures on the Songs of England.

Ex-Senator Fish and family were on the 21st of September at Luzerne, in Switzerland, having passed the month previously among the mountains. Stuyvesant Le Roy, a nephew of the senator, was one of the young men whose ascent of Chamouni is recorded in the papers.

The *Albion* mentions that the object of Lord Napier's recent visit to Boston was to obtain information in regard to the subject of an international copyright.

The Calais (Me.) *Advertiser* says that John W. Croft, one of the survivors of the *Central America*, who has arrived at that place, declares that "rum had considerable to do with her loss—the chief engineer being so drunk as not to know what he was about." This is the first intimation of the kind we have seen, and it is generally disbelieved.

We understand that Hon. Edward N. Archibald, late Attorney-General of Newfoundland, but for a short time past resident at Brooklyn, has received from Lord Clarendon the appointment of British Consul at this port, and will immediately enter upon the discharge of the duties of the office.

John H. Alexander, Esq., United States Commissioner, and wife; G. Tiffany, Esq.; Miss Tiffany and two servants, all of Baltimore, sailed from New York in the steamer *Arabia*, for Europe. Mr. Alexander will be absent two or three years in the discharge of official duties having reference, we believe, to a uniform system of weights and measures and the gold coinage subject authorized by an act of Congress.

The Washington *American* declares that it has the proof to establish the charge, whenever Secretary Toucey denies it, that he is interested in the contract to furnish paper for the Congressional printing, and has made great profits by furnishing paper of a quality inferior to the samples upon which the contract was made.

Signor Arditi, who was at one time in America, is now director of the Italian Opera at Constantinople. He has just composed a hymn in honor of the Sultan, for which he received in return ten thousand francs for himself, an equal sum for the manager, and thirty thousand to be divided among the singers.

Hon. Andrew Johnson, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Tennessee, to succeed Hon. James C. Jones, presents in his own person one of the most remarkable examples of what proper ambition may attain under Republican institutions. His origin was very obscure, and of educational advantages in early life he had none. After he married, his wife taught him his letters, and while he prosecuted his calling as a journeyman tailor, to support his family, he acquired the simplest rudiments of education. But advancing step by step, reading with avidity, studying closely, and striving constantly to improve his condition, he has at last attained one of the most eminent positions in the gift of his countrymen. It will be remembered he served in the United States House of Representatives several years ago. As a legislator he was industrious and practical, rather than brilliant; but wielded a powerful influence in the deliberations of the body. His faults probably consist in excessive partizanship, and that tendency to illiberality in the public expenditures which oftentimes, under the name of "economy," is disastrous to the interests of the country. In the higher and broader sphere to which he is now elevated these faults may be modified and softened; but in any event Mr. Johnson can hardly fail to be a most useful and laborious public servant.

It is understood that Senator Douglas has lost very heavily in the current revulsion, having been engaged in extensive time speculations in Western lands and lots.

Letters received in Washington confirm the statements in relation to Ex-Minister Crampton's rude treatment of Mr. Dallas, United States Minister at London. It appears that Mr. Crampton repeatedly, and in the most public and marked manner, has avoided Mr. Dallas, notwithstanding the best efforts of the latter to evince the kindest and most cordial feeling on his own part. On one occasion recently, while Mr. Dallas was walking the street in company with a British nobleman, Mr. Crampton was observed approaching from the opposite direction, but upon seeing our Minister he suddenly passed up an alley-way and again avoided him. Conduct like this, frequently repeated, has attracted attention, and elicited a good deal of severe remark against Mr. C., who would seem to have no excuse for it, except his general hatred to Americans since his forced retirement from the Embassy here.

Señor Yrissari, who applies to be received as Minister from Nicaragua, has been spending some days in New York.

Ex-Chief Matsell, of this city, has returned from the West and entered the editorial fraternity.

The Hon. W. P. Preble died at Portland on Saturday, at the age of 74. He was son of Commodore Preble, who commanded the fleet against Tripoli during Jefferson's administration; a graduate of Harvard College, and, for a long period after the organization of the government of Maine, a justice of the Superior Court of that State, which office he ably filled. He was, subsequently, United States Minister to Netherlands, and afterward one of the Commissioners of the State of Maine in the negotiation of the celebrated "Boundary Treaty" with Great Britain. Of late years he has taken great interest in railway enterprises tending to expand the resources of his State, and was the first president of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company.

The Rev. Mr. Magoon, of this city, has accepted the call recently tendered him by the First Baptist Church of Albany, and it is understood will enter upon his pastoral duties immediately.

A Washington Correspondent says: Mr. Benton is generally believed to be convalescent, but this is an error. A severe paroxysm is over; his physicians have pronounced him better, and his family are cheered; but *he* knows that he holds but a slender lease of life, and he has friends who divine this conviction though he does not express it. There is a deep and painful disease within the cavity of the abdomen, which does not always excite the viscera to morbid action, but is always impairing his energy, and tending to the ultimate result. He has not, in the present interval of comparative repose, regained his flesh, his strength, or natural buoyancy, and will not. A day or two ago Mr. Cass inquired of an old and mutual friend how Mr. Benton was. The reply was not encouraging. "We men of seventy and more," said Mr. Cass, "do not recuperate well when once prostrated." "No," said his friend, "we do not. Have you not seen Mr. Benton?" "I have not yet seen him," he said. "Then," rejoined the other, "I would not defer it long."

General Donelson, who has just been chosen Speaker by the Tennessee Legislature, is the brother of Andrew Jackson Donelson, who was the Know Nothing defeated candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Fillmore.

Mr. Lefevre, a wealthy sugar-planter at Lafourches, Louisiana, died recently without issue, leaving an estate of $700,000. Half was left to a nephew, and half to a broker in New Orleans, who had transacted Mr. Lefevre's business. The broker was astonished to find himself the recipient of $350,000, but refused to receive the money on such terms; so went before a notary public, and renounced the whole legacy, making it over in favor of the relatives of the deceased in France, consisting of nephews and nieces to the number of twenty or thirty, and all humbly situated in life. It seems the deceased had previously made a will in which his French relatives were handsomely remembered, but, on returning from a visit to them not long ago, for some reason known only to himself, he tore the will to pieces and wrote a new one.

A Cincinnati clergyman married a fond couple in the dissecting-room of the Medical College last week. The bride was romantic, and would have it so.

Two citizens of Salisbury, North Carolina, went to South Carolina a few days ago to fight a duel with rifles at the distance of fifteen feet.

A private letter from Mr. James D. Hague, of this city, who is now in Europe, furnishes very agreeable intelligence respecting the Hon. Charles Sumner. Mr. Hague spent a day in company with Senator Sumner, and thus writes respecting the state of his health:

"He converses without the slightest degree of that nervousness which one might expect after reading those paragraphs in the newspapers which make it out that he is in a precarious situation still. I doubt whether his health was ever much better; he looks remarkably well. He was on his way from Avona to Turin, and thence over the Great St. Bernard into France again, having been in Switzerland a week or two."

THE VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

The *Evening Post* says, "A few months since, the partner of a commercial house in this city was taken to a lunatic asylum, utterly deranged, as was said, by his unparalleled prosperity in business. During the year previous his firm had cleared $1,300,000. He died in the asylum, and his own estate was valued at $2,500,000, all invested in the concern of which he was a partner. The firm itself failed the other day, and is now said to be utterly insolvent. One item of the assets of the deceased's estate was a thousand shares of the Illinois Central Railroad stock, which was selling at the time of his decease at $140 a share, and which was worth, after paying up the installments, $800,000. The same property sold yesterday at public sale at $50,000.

"All this occurred within eighteen months—the prosperity, the insanity, the decease, and the insolvency."

HOW MUCH IS A SHILLING?

A few days ago a produce dealer in Washington sold a customer a half peck of potatoes for a shilling, and in taking his pay from a quarter dollar, returned twelve cents change. This the customer declined to receive, claiming thirteen cents as his due. A dispute ensued, which ended in the customer getting out a warrant for the odd cent, and, the case being tried, he recovered it.

HORRID MURDER BY A NEGRO.

A most horrible murder was committed near Princess Anne, Md., on Wednesday last. A negro man who has been some time attempting to pass himself as partially deranged, met on the road, after night, a white woman, whom he attacked, cut her open, and horribly mutilated her body. He also cut off the right hand at the wrist, which can not be found. The demon was arrested, confessed the deed, and gave as a reason for the act, that a conjuress named Pussey had told him that if he could get the right hand of a female corpse and wear it about his person, he would at all times be able to overcome his enemies. He is represented as a desperate, dangerous negro, and has for a long time escaped just punishment for his villainies by feigning insanity.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE BURIED YET.

Mrs. Snyder, residing near M'Galleysville, Va., one day last week suddenly fell down, apparently dead. The necessary burial-clothes were prepared, and while her friends were engaged in dressing her in the habiliments of the grave, she politely requested them to wait until she was dead! It is needless to say that her request was cheerfully complied with. She is now rapidly improving.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANTS' APPEAL.

Several recruiting parties belonging to her Majesty's forces have been sojourning in the neighborhood of Taunton for some weeks past, where the following appeal has been circulated for the edification of smart young men: "Englishmen! You who have strong arms and stout hearts, have you not heard the dying wail of your outraged and murdered countrymen, calling upon you to be up and avenge them? You that have sisters and sweet-hearts that you love, can you hear that hundreds upon hundreds as fair as they have been given up to treatment worse than death, and then to death, with all the ingenuities of torture that hell can devise, and then hesitate? Can you unmoved listen to their agonizing shrieks, and hear the cry of their poor slaughtered babes? Arise, Englishmen, arise! Lay down your sickles, for your work is done, and cold winter comes upon you! Take up the bayonet of good British steel, and go forth to reap a harvest of vengeance upon the cowardly miscreants who roam over the fair land of India, laden with the spoil, and red with the blood, of England's outraged daughters!"

THE QUEEN AT CHURCH.

An American traveler thus describes the Queen's attendance at the little church of the Crathie, on the Dee, Scotland.

"At noon the Royal family arrived, and, preceded by the Queen, followed by Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, Lady Churchill, and Flora Macdonald, took their seats in that order. Her Majesty seemed to be in bad humor, and was evidently talking to her Consort with very unamiable snap as they entered the seat. But that is no doubt the right of queens, and the Royal Consort had no doubt been very naughty and ruffled the gentle nature of the British Queen by his Hanoverian awkwardness. He was as tranquil as a summer's morn, and seemed to understand that he was but an appendage to a crown.

"In company with the Royal Household were several gigantic representatives of the Highland clans, clad in their magnificent costume. I observed the tartan of Stuart, Victoria, M'Leod, etc., in their different dresses. A noble looking man of great height, and with two dark gleaming eyes, was the favorite attendant of Prince Albert in his deer-stalking excursions, which he now prosecutes with great ardor, and in which the Royal rifleman is himself quite skillful. The deer are quite numerous through these vast mountain-ranges.

"The Queen dresses with great simplicity, and even to my Republican eyes with less elegance than would befit a Queen. A cape of purple silk, edged with narrow lace, and a dress of shepherd tartan, entirely plain, and free from modern circumambiency, with light kid gloves, and a somewhat more showy bonnet, trimmed with a few very unbecoming flowers, constituted her *tout ensemble*. Yet these were no plainer than her face, which, if once beautiful, has lost its charm, and is now red with exposure to the weather, and, to my expectant eye, smileless and ungenial. During the entire service her eye was restless and wandering, now looking through the adjacent window and then at the different strangers around her. The strong tendency of the Guelph family to insanity—which, by the advice of able physicians given about the period of her coronation, induces her to be in constant exercise—accounted for much of this somewhat painful peculiarity, to which, however, I was indebted for a somewhat lengthy gaze, with what mental result I am not yet informed. No invitation to Balmoral has so far succeeded it.

THE ROYAL CORTEGE.

"The Prince Consort behaved himself better—only once setting the Princess Royal into a broad grin, by nudging her as the worthy preacher broadened the 'o' of the Apostles, making it sound A-post-ls; and once shortening fourthly, by dropping into a German doze. The Princess Royal is a simple, gentle-looking girl, and was tranquil and attentive. She is not beautiful, and has her father's heavy eye, with her mother's contour of countenance. Lady Churchill is tall, and looks American. Flora Macdonald looked like a rogue in petticoats—a pretty, laughing, arch-looking lady—whom I wished much to have been the Queen, although she lacked a Queen's dignity."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

While every heart in England throbs with the excitement and the agonies of the struggle in India, a Scotch paper thus describes the amusements of the Court: "A few days ago the Queen, Princess Alice, and Prince Arthur crossed the Dee and drove up by Monaltrie, to visit the summit of Craignordy, a mountain standing to the north of the Invercauld Arms Inn, Inver. Lady Churchill and Earl Granville were in attendance. Near Inver a staff of ponies and servants was in readiness, under the charge of Mr. John Brown, domestic guide at Balmoral, to conduct the Queen and party to the top of the hill, whence her Majesty had a most magnificent view of the Strath of the Dee for upward of twenty miles. Her Majesty remained for above an hour on the hill, sketching the scenes stretched out beneath her on every side. In the evening, when Gillie Stewart brought home the stag which the Prince had killed, the Queen commanded torches to be brought, and viewed the noble animal at the main entrance to the castle."

DR. LIVINGSTONE ON AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone still continues to lecture on Africa. In one of his last lectures, he observed:

"The Africans look upon us white people as only another tribe of men; and when I attempt to tell what their numbers may be, they put to me the question, 'Are they as many as a cloud of locusts?' If I say yes, they ask further whether, if each of the white people were to take a locust into his hand, they would finish the whole cloud? Of course I say I think they would. Then they will add, 'Your Queen must be very rich indeed, when she has so many people.' 'Oh, yes,' I reply, 'she is exceedingly rich;' and I am asked, 'Has she many cows?'—a question I really could never answer; and *then when I mention the fact that I have never seen the Queen, they say, 'What sort of people must you be never to have seen your chief?'* A great many other questions show the same kind of ignorance respecting us. Many European gentlemen have gone to that country to hunt; but as the Africans have no idea of sport, they wonder to see gentlemen working so hard for a little dry antelope meat, and they put the question to me, 'Have your friends no meat at home?' Not wishing my friends to appear in such a light, I say, 'These gentlemen could have beef every day of their lives if they liked;' but they reply to me, 'Aha, you know better.'"

FRANCE.

ANTI-SPINSTER CLUBS.

Several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others are modeled, has been in existence for four years. Each member pays ten francs monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually 24,000 francs, to which is added the amount raised by two half-yearly lotteries, of which the prizes are composed of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of two hundred young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of 30,000 or 40,000 francs, which serve to give a marriage-portion to two or three of the members, chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year, the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year. The members of the club continue to pay their subscriptions for ten years after their marriage, and are bound to facilitate, by all means in their power, the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow-members under all circumstances.

THE FASHIONS DENOUNCED FROM THE PULPIT.

A reverend reformer. Father Lawrence, of the diocese of Tarbes, has just taken a bold step, and by a few strokes of his pen made mortal enemies of the fair sex. He has issued a circular announcing the foundation of an order, not of the Garter, indeed, but of the Petticoat. The members are exclusively to belong to the gentler half of creation, and on admission are to make oath "that they will discard every dress or fashion in any way clashing with modesty, or the piety of a Christian woman, such, for instance, as low dresses, bonnets that only cover the back of the head, flounces, crinolines," etc. The members are to restrict their wardrobes to eight or ten dresses at most. They must be attired in black while attending the services of Holy Mother Church, in order not to divert the attention of the male portion of the congregation from their Prayer-books, and turn the current of their thoughts to "things unholy." They must also make the engagement not to give any cast-off finery to their maids, so as to give them a taste for dressing above their means, a practice which "leads to vices of the most varied description." Absolute seclusion is not, however, *de rigeur;* the fair associates may occasionally go to a ball, or tea-party, but clad in the simplest of dresses, as velvets, rich silks, and lace are sure to do as much injury to the wearers' souls as to their husbands' pockets. The members of the association are to wear its insignia, to explain to the world that it is neither from poverty nor shabbiness that they eschew "purple and fine linen." These insignia will consist of a medal, bearing the words "simplicity" and "modesty," and suspended round the neck by a piece of cotton ribbon. The reverend gentleman promises further details at an early day, in which he intends giving directions touching dinner, servants, carriages, furniture, etc.

SILKEN SAILS IN REALITY.

Among the novelties of the present day is silk for sailing vessels. M. Rodanet, captain of the *Franklin*, of La Rochelle, reports that "Silk sails possess strength, flexibility, and lightness; they absorb less water than other sails, and dry quicker; when wet, they lose none of their flexibility; and, in the roughest of weather, are so easily handled that sailors would rather reef one of them several times than any other once." After this—in the present scarcity of the raw material—the ladies had best look to their laurels.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The great interview at Stuttgardt—big, as many believe, with the fate of the world—is a *fait accompli*, and another is to take place immediately with the young Emperor of Austria. It would be a great presumption to pretend to be in the secret of the motive which has set in motion the three Emperors of Europe; but all the newsmongers of Europe pretend to state exactly what was said and what done. Nothing that can be relied upon has transpired.

HISTORICAL PROPERTIES.

The *Monde Illustré* relates some interesting particulars connected with the Theatre Français. For instance, each time that the "Marriage of Figaro" is performed, the chair in which Count Almaviva renders justice is that which decorated the saloon of Philippe Egalité at the Palace Royal. The performers of the Theatre Français received it as a present from Charles X. Another less splendid arm-chair, used in the "Malade Imaginaire," is the one which Molière himself used while playing the part of Aigan. In 1799, when the theatre took fire, it was flung out of a window by one of the scene-shifters, without being broken. Another curious property of the theatre is the bell which is heard in the first act of "Don Juan d'Austriche," it having been one of those which, on August 24, 1572, gave the signal of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. During the great revolution it found its way to the theatre from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which responded to the signal given from the neighboring parishes.

THE EMPRESS AND HER BABY.

A Paris correspondent writes: "The Empress Eugénie is in Paris, keeping her husband's lieges in good humor by the light of her fair countenance. Every day she is seen taking the air with the young Prince Imperial on her lap, whose growing resemblance to the great Napoleon seems to refute the prevailing scandal that Napoleon the Third is guiltless of the consanguinity of his reputed father, Louis, King of Holland. No scandal is more generally credited than that Hortense, Queen of Holland, gave birth to sons while her husband had no access to her; and Count de Morny is known—if such matters are ever known—to be the son of Count de Flahault; but if the son of the Emperor grows up with the unmistakable lineaments of the Bonaparte family, he will be a living contradiction to his grandmother's misconduct as regards his imperial father. On the 4th inst. the Empress leaves Paris for the camp at Chalons, where the Emperor's absence is generally felt.

RUSSIA.

HOW THE CZAR HAS CHEATED HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS.

A European letter-writer says: "The American concerned in the work of raising the sunken ships at Sebastopol, passed through Paris this week on his way home, and gave bad accounts of the progress and the prospects of the enterprise. To use his own words—he was getting home while he had money enough to get there. But there is a stupidity in the contract of this company with the Russian Government, which was, perhaps, the cause of the flight of the gentleman referred to. The company are to gain one half the value of every article raised—a magnificent condition for the company if there were not a proviso. But this proviso modifies so singularly the chances of profits, that it is difficult to conceive how a Yankee could ever have been caught by it. *The Russian Government is to estimate the value of all articles raised;* and as Sebastopol is so very far away from all markets but a Russian market, the objects raised will possess exactly no value at all, except to Russia, who intends to buy them at her own price!

GERMANY.

A BRIGAND'S BEARD.

The following strange story is related by the *Droit:* "A German, who for many years was chief of a band of brigands which committed numerous excesses in Hungary, and who for his own part confesses to have perpetrated a great number of crimes, is now detained in the prison of a small town in that country, under sentence of death. An Englishman, on passing through the town about a fortnight ago, hearing of his exploits, desired to see him; and as he offered the jailer £1 sterling, his wish was soon gratified. He was greatly struck by the immense, uncultivated white beard of the brigand, who is 70 years of age. 'Do you particularly wish to keep your beard?' asked the Englishman. 'My beard keeps to me,' answered the brigand, with a laugh. 'True; but it could be cut off,' answered the Englishman; 'and I offer you 20 florins for it.' 'Agreed! provided my jailer consents,' said the brigand. The jailer consented, and the Englishman, paying the brigand the 20 florins, cut off the beard, and carried it away in triumph. The brigand now expresses great fear lest he should be hanged before a new beard grows."

NEW CONTRIVANCE FOR HOOPS.

The *Freischutz*, a most popular Hamburg journal, has the following: "A thrifty housewife remarked, a few days ago, that an iron hoop was wanting on a tub she had placed to catch rain water. All the servants were questioned, but no clew could be found, and she came to the conclusion that some of the youngsters had abstracted the hoop for a toy. Next Sunday was the cook's monthly holiday, and as she was leaving the house her mistress noted with surprise the peculiar bulk of her dress. The cook blushed and faltered, which induced her mistress to lay her hand on the unusual protuberance, when, lo and behold, cook had transformed the rusty hoop into crinoline!"

THE AUSTRIAN MINISTRY—RETIREMENT OF COUNT BUOL.

Rumors that have been for some time afloat as to an important change in the Austrian Ministry now assume a positive shape. The interview between the Emperors of Russia and Austria will, it is stated, seal the retirement of Count Buol, the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He is alleged to be the cause of the state of complete isolation to which Austria was nearly reduced; and to have, besides, been opposed to the internal reductions and reforms advocated by the other Ministers.

ITALY.

GALILEO AND THE BISHOPS.

When the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian and his bride passed through Padua, on their way to Milan, they went to the Lyceum, where they were shown a common plaster of Paris bust of Galileo, on a pedestal, which contains one of the vertebræ of the celebrated philosopher. M. Zantedeschi, a professor attached to the institution, asked the illustrious visitors if he might be permitted to make a remark in regard to the bust of Galileo, who had passed eighteen years of his life in teaching in that very Lyceum. "To be sure you may," said the Archduchess Charlotte; but the Archduke rendered the remark of the professor unnecessary by exclaiming, "I know what you are about to say! That bust is an abomination (*é un orrore*), and I will take care that you shall have another." The promise was made on the 2d, and already on the 5th the sculptor Ferrari, one of Canova's best scholars, received orders to make a statue of the man who, at the beginning of the 17th century, was persecuted by an ignorant priesthood for teaching that the earth went round. Galileo was forced by the Inquisition to abjure his errors, but as he rose from his knees the old man could not refrain from saying "*E pur se muove.*" The praiseworthy and politic conduct of the Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom will not fail to rouse the bile of the bigoted Italian bishops!

TURKEY.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN EARNEST.

A correspondent has sent us a statement which tends to prove the good faith of the Turkish Government in carrying out the religious liberty guaranteed both to Christians and Mohammedans. At Constantinople a Turk and his wife and child have been baptized by the American missionary, Dr. Hamelin, with the name of "Freeman." It appears that on the 3d inst. two officers of the Porte went to the office of Dr. Hamelin, after previous notice, to investigate the case of the Freeman family, converted from Mohammedanism to Christianity. Dr. Hamelin at first demurred, but a strict examination took place. The officers of the Porte examined Mr. Freeman. The object was to ascertain whether he had been driven from Islamism to Christianity by any trouble or supposed wrongs, but the answers were deemed satisfactory by the Turkish authorities. Mrs. Freeman was then subjected to the same ordeal, after which it was arranged that the Turkish lady and her daughter should have an interview together. The result convinced Dr. Hamelin that there was no compulsion in the case, and the ceremony was therefore performed. The account adds, "It is the will of his Majesty our Sovereign, and it has become the established law of the empire, that every subject without any exception shall enjoy entire religious freedom. The Mussulman is now as free to become a Christian as the Christian is free to become a Mussulman." Two days previously Dr. Hamelin married a young Protestant Armenian to a Turkish lady who had been baptized in Malta.

INDIA.

FATE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

The New York *Observer* says:

"The last ray of hope has been dispelled by the late arrival of news from India, and we must now record, with feelings of the profoundest sorrow, that there is every reason to believe the four missionary families of the Presbyterian Board at Futtehgurh have perished in the massacre. They have been traced to the vicinity of Cawnpore, and it was hoped that when General Havelock arrived there he would find them alive, and rescue them from the insurgents; but he reports but one white person as saved, and her name is given; so that the painful fact is pressed upon our hearts that our bretheren and sisters, our dear friends Freeman, and Campbell, and Johnson, and M'Mullen, and their wives, and two children of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, have fallen victims to the awful insurrection in India.

"Rev. John E. Freeman went out in 1838, and has been a faithful missionary for about nineteen years. He married Miss Beach, in Newark, New Jersey, who died about ten years ago. Mr. F. afterward married a valued friend of ours, Miss Vredenburg, a lady of great accomplishments and worth, with a large circle of friends in this city and New Jersey.

"Rev. David A. Campbell was from Wisconsin, and his wife from Ohio.

"Rev. Albert O. Johnson and wife are both from Western Pennsylvania.

"Rev. Robert E. M'Mullen was from Philadelphia, and his wife was Miss Pierson, from Paterson, New Jersey. All of them were among the most able and useful missionaries of the Board, and their loss is a blow to the work, compared with which the destruction of $100,000 worth of property in India is not to be mentioned. These houses, and presses, and churches can be rebuilt, but who will be baptized for the dead."

MORE SEPOY ATROCITIES.

A letter from Delhi says: "At Delhi, my dear grandfather, the diabolical cruelty of the Sepoys is horrible to relate; they paraded all the European heads up and down the city in a cart, and at Allahabad the 6th Native Infantry, who had received praise in the morning for their loyalty to Government, fell on their officers in the evening while they were at mess, and killed seventeen of them. The adjutant of the regiment they nailed to an arm-rack and made a target of his body; another officer was pinioned to the ground with bayonets and a fire lit on his body. At another station there was one officer and his wife—he killed seven of the miscreants with his own hand, and when he saw there was no chance for himself or his wife he shot her and then himself, before he would let her fall into the hands of the Sepoys, because he was well aware what her fate would be—rape and then murder. At a station called Fyzabad two native regiments of foot and one of horse, with a battery of guns, mutinied and killed some of their officers; one colonel's lady saw her husband shot in front of her eyes, she then went raving mad through the jungle with her two infants. I had this from a survivor, one that escaped in a boat with about twenty more Europeans, principally women and children; he saw the lady with her children on the bank, and called her to him, but she looked at them for a moment and then ran screaming away, dragging her children after her. They could not land to pursue, because the Sepoys were coming down on them at the time to murder them. I have since heard that the lady has been rescued, but is still a maniac. * * I think, grandfather, that there have been more European officers killed here than there were altogether in the Crimea.

"I will give you another instance of their horrible cruelty—one European officer, a commissioner at Delhi, with his wife (who was pregnant), and four children; they tied the husband in a chair, and then cut the heads off his four children, and ripped open his wife, and took the unborn babe from her, and struck the husband across the face with it, and then shot him. My dear grandfather, you would scarcely credit all these awful things; but I can assure you it is all too true."

THE HANGING AT CAWNPORE.

A sergeant writes: "Our men had had four fights. At Cawnpore, a cook-boy, who was with the G Company, by some means escaped; being a Bengalee of course he could mix with the remainder of his class without detection. He is but a lad: he told us that Mr. Saunders was nailed down, hands, feet, and knees; that these barbarians the first day cut off his feet, and ears, and nose, and so left him until the next day, when some other pieces were cut off him, and he died. He had killed six men, and would have shot Nena Sahib also, that terrible ruffian, but his revolver did not go off. Poor Gildea shot five. One of the insurgent collectors took two of our ladies for his own private ends; but I had the pleasure of laughing in his countenance as he swung in front of our camp. He was an ugly-looking scoundrel. His death was, accidentally, a most painful one, for the rope was badly adjusted, and when he dropped the noose closed over his jaw. His hands then got loose, and he caught hold of the rope and struggled to get free, but two men took hold of his legs and jerked his body until his neck broke. These ladies had, of course, been killed before we arrived. As for hanging, it is nothing; it is quite a common thing to have a few swung up every day; the least thing will do it. We have a provost marshal and his staff here, and they would hang a European if they found him plundering, or give him a dozen on the spot if they found him half a mile from his camp; but as for a native the least thing is sufficient to hang him. We have had one European hung; but they are very loth to do any thing to the Europeans. The fellows missing I hear had such a lot of rupees that they could not keep up, and they were too greedy to throw them away. Cawnpore was full of all kinds of liquor, from Champagne to bottled beer, and our fellows used it too freely. The authorities were enraged at this."

INCIDENTS OF AN ESCAPE FROM DELHI.

A lady who escaped from Delhi thus describes her adventures: "We had only proceeded a short distance on the Kurnaul road, when some men came to us and begged of us not to proceed any farther on the road as the whole of the officers and ladies who had gone before us had been murdered, and that we should meet the same fate if we persisted on our journey. We knew not what to think, and at first resolved to go on our journey let what might follow, when a very neatly dressed native, a perfect boy, made his appearance; he made us a most respectful salaam, and told us that he was in the employ of Lieutenant Holland, of the 38th, and advised our taking the road he pointed out, and very kindly took us off the Grand Trunk road into some fields. We could not drive quickly as the land was perfectly rugged. We had only walked our horses a short distance when the thought struck me that the men who were surrounding us were nothing less than robbers themselves. This thought was very soon confirmed by the men coming up to us and asking for rupees. I had a few rupees in my jewel-box, but was afraid to open it lest they should see what it contained, and therefore told them to go to our house and take any thing they took a fancy to. They, however, fancied we had money with us, and insisted on my showing them the seat of the buggy, and they searched every corner of it, but still I managed to keep my jewel-box. Mrs. Wood had a black velvet head-dress on, and as it had some bugles about it it glittered a good deal in the moonlight, and when they saw this they lost no time in tearing it from her head, and at the same time struck her rather heavily with one of their sticks. We had by this again reached the Grand Trunk road. Here we met the the two guns, which, by the way, accompanied those who started before ourselves out of the station. One of the cavalry men was riding by the side of the guns, and at first I was inclined to think that aid had reached us from Umballah or Meerut, instead of which it was the guns returning to the city. I called out to the trooper, fearless at the time of being murdered, to assist us by directing us our safest road. The answer I received was—'Go that way,' pointing to Kurnaul, 'you will get murdered. Come this,' pointing to Delhi, 'and you will meet the same fate.'

* * *

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

"We started about six P.M. on the 12th. As we knew not where to find the main road, one of the villagers took us in safety to the Grand Trunk road. Here he parted from us, and five or six horrible-looking ruffians approached us. We told them that we had lost every thing, and that we were then on our way to Kurnaul. When they found, from making a search on our persons themselves, that we had really nothing to be robbed of, one of the men inquired of one who had a tulwar (or sword) when he would take our lives. This I heard most distinctly, and, seeing him who had made the above-mentioned remark turn back with all but this one man, who by the way assured his friend that he would murder us, to use his own words, 'a little way farther on the road,' I went boldly up to the man and told him to spare me as I had one little boy who had gone ahead, whither I knew not, and that I had left my husband on the parade-ground at Delhi the night before, and had not heard of him since, and as I wanted to hurry on in search of my child I begged of him to spare my life. He appeared rather undecided, and I thought of my wedding-ring, which I still possessed, and at once took it off my finger, and gave it to him. He took it, bade us good-night, and went in the same direction as ourselves, in advance. We managed to get as far as the cross-roads at about four o'clock in the morning of the 13th. Here we were met at a serai or halting-place for native travelers. The men who here attacked us were very powerful-looking fellows. One of them I noticed as having an officer's sword, of which he appeared proud, for he drew it from its scabbard and told us that the King of Delhi had ordered every European, either man, woman, or child, to be murdered. The doctor, who was very weak and exhausted, was then prostate on the ground, and I fell on my knees, with the drawn sword over my head, and begged of him to save us. They insisted, before they allowed us to depart, on my giving up my dress. This I did, but after I had given it up to them I begged they would again return it to me, and, most astonishing to say, they did so. We then started off again, and during the daytime we thought it would be wise to hide ourselves under bridges; but then, again, we could not possibly have kept the doctor alive in his weak state without a little milk, and, therefore, seeing a village close by, we made bold, and went to them to beg some milk for the doctor. The villagers were very kind, and not only gave us what we asked for the doctor, but gave us also some bread for ourselves; but from fear of the Sepoys and troopers refused giving us shelter. We were, therefore, compelled to go in search of some place of concealment for that day, and hot indeed we found it."

HISTORY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

In the same year that Chauvin undertook to colonize Canada under a patent from the King of France, and eleven years after the assignment of Raleigh's Virginia patent to Thomas Smith, of London, Queen Elizabeth chartered "The Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," and Thomas Smith (Raleigh's assignee?) was elected the first chairman. This was the beginning of the modern East India Company—the sole survivor, with the Hudson's Bay Company, of the numerous trading corporations of that enterprising age.

For a full century and a half the "Governor and Company of Merchants" were faithful to their ensign—they were traders, and nothing more. Necessity occasionally compelled them to thrash the Dutch and Portuguese; but these were accidental deviations from their beaten track. When Sir Thomas Roe waited upon the Grand Mogul at Delhi, he protested that all his countrymen wanted was liberty of trade; if this were granted the Emperor would have no more faithful subjects than they. They did not own a foot of land in India for over a hundred years after their incorporation. As a mercantile enterprise the Company was successful. By fair or by foul means the stockholders made money, and aroused opposition. Pressure was brought to bear on the Government; a rival Company was chartered in defiance of the monopoly, and strenuous efforts were made to have the charter of the original association revoked. These efforts were met by copious corruption on the part of the old Company; Government and rivals were bought up together, the old charter was enlarged, and the rival Company merged in the successful association. Within a short period thereafter, a purchase of twenty square miles of land was made, for warehouses and Company's servants, at Fort William, Calcutta; and about the same time territorial establishments were erected at Bombay and Madras. These were the nuclei round which the Company's dominions have grown up, and the greatest sovereignty in the world—the Chinese Empire alone excepted—has been founded.

The beginning of the greatness of the Company grew out of the efforts of the French. Their attempt to wrest Madras and Bombay from the English established British supremacy in Southern India, and developed the genius of Clive. What they began, Surajah Dowlah continued. He was Viceroy of Bengal, a sort of feudal retainer of the Emperor of Delhi. He fancied the English warehouses at Calcutta and Fort William were worth plundering. He plundered them accordingly. Not content with this, he suffered a hundred and twenty-three persons of English birth to be stifled to death in the Black Hole. For this, Clive—hastening from the south with 3000 men—met and beat him in the grove of Plassy, just one hundred years ago; and, following up that victory, gradually broke the power of the Viceroys, till the last of the race was glad to accept a hereditary pension from the Company, and the Emperor made over to Clive, as Governor, the absolute dominion of Bengal. This was in 1765.

Two men built up the British empire in India—Clive and Hastings. The former, as we have seen, commenced his career by saving the British trading-posts from French conquest, and ended it by founding the British sovereignty of Bengal. Between Clive and Hastings there was an interval of some six years—during which time the history of the Company may be briefly described as a combination of corruption, rapine, and robbery by the Company's servants in India, and pecuniary embarrassment and peril in England. Hastings certainly was no model of probity—a Nabob of the Nabobs; but he suppressed much irregular pilfering by the Company's subordinate officials; and, by systematic spoliation in Bengal, by lending out his troops for the conquest of the Rohillas, by the conquest of Benares, and, lastly, by the plunder of the Princesses of Oude, he contrived to support an immense establishment, civil and military, in Hindostan, to secure Madras from the encroachments of Hyder Ali, and, above all, to pay to the proprietors of East India stock a regular dividend of 10 to 12 per cent.

Since his day the progress of the Company has been steadily onward in the work of conquest. It would be tedious to enumerate successively the various territories and states which have been annexed or made tributary; let it suffice to say that the whole peninsula, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, has been virtually placed under their dominion. Some native rulers are nominally independent, and are said to be "protected" by the Company, whose resident gives "advice," which the native chief is bound to obey. Some states pay tribute, while the administration of their internal government is left to their native Rajah. Others again—and these are the richest and most fruitful—form part of one of the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. But it is well understood—whatever be the nominal condition of each state—that, for all practical purposes, all are the dominions of the Company.

On the other hand, the East India Company has ceased to be a trading corporation. In 1814 the old charter was modified; the trade of India was thrown open, and the Company's monopoly restricted to the tea trade. This charter lasted twenty years, during which the commercial transactions of the Company largely declined, while its political importance increased in proportion to the extent of territory it added to the British dominions. In 1833, in anticipation of the expiration of the charter, a new one was passed by the British Parliament. By this the trading monopolies of the Company were forever abolished, and its powers, and even its property, were declared to vest in the Government of England, in trust for which they were to be held by the Company. The only consolation which was left to the stockholders was a Government guarantee of a dividend of 10½ per cent. on the stock. On these, or very similar terms, the charter was renewed—for an indefinite period—at its expiration in 1854.

It will thus be perceived at a glance that, to all practical intents and purposes, the East India Company is a myth, and that the real governor of Hindostan is the British Ministry.

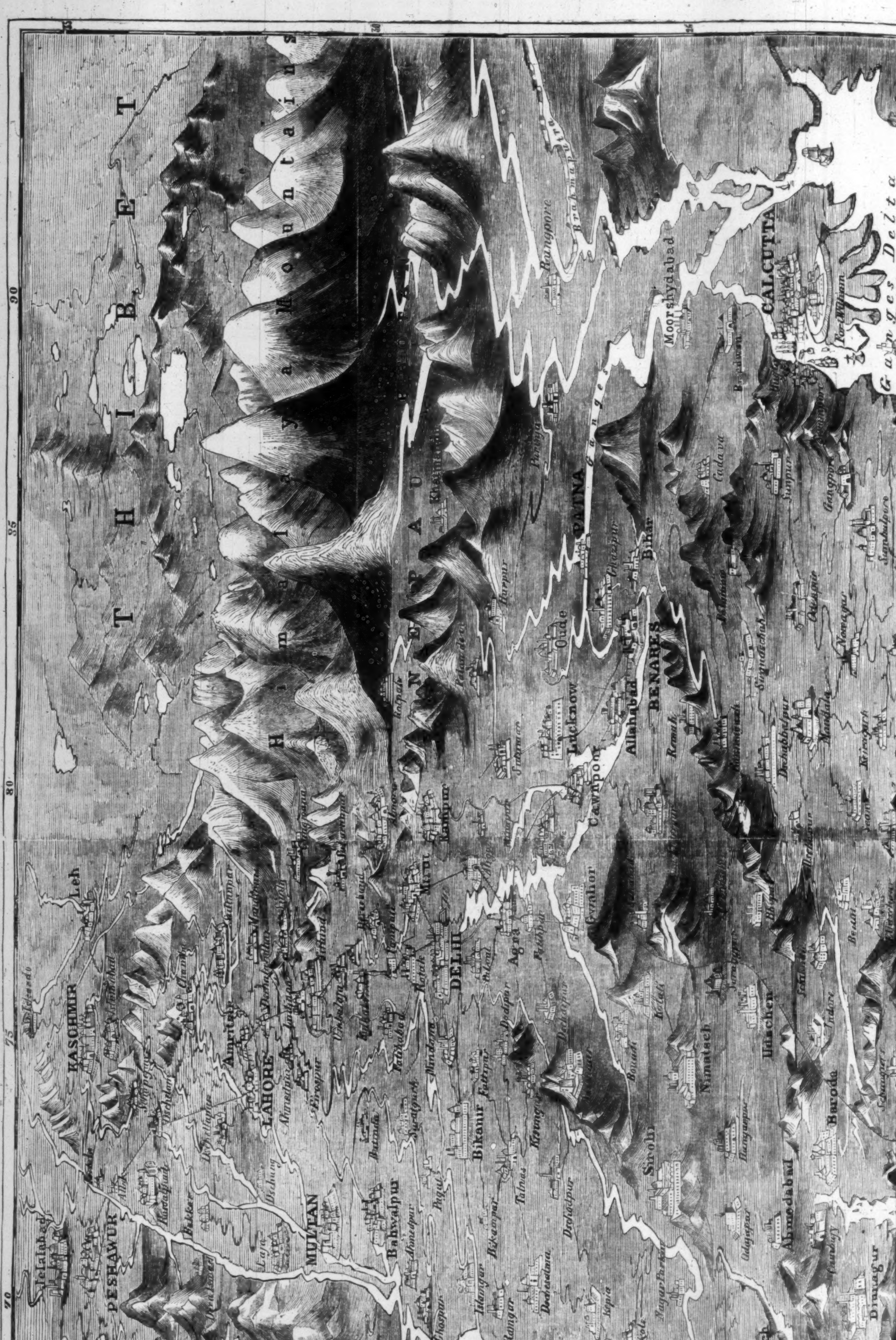
The Ministry or Cabinet which rules England also rules India, though under a different title—that of the Board of Control. By the Board of Control all matters of Indian politics, finance, expenditure, legislation, war, and peace are finally determined; the Company can not even draw a draft or send an important dispatch to the Government of India without a permit from the Board of Control. And the Board of Control is composed, as we said, of the Ministers of the Queen.

The Board of Directors of the Company is still kept up. It is elaborately elected; ingeniously subdivided into committees; and enormously supplied with clerks and writers. But, in reality, the only substantial part of its functions is the distribution of Indian patronage. Naturally enough, the Board of Control does not encumber itself with the disposal of the cadetships which fall vacant in the Indian service. That it leaves to the Directors; it is the function which suits them best. One of the committees of the Board piques curiosity. It is entitled the Secret Committee. It consists of three members—the chairman, vice-chairman, and senior director. By law this committee has no secretary—for fear the fellow might divulge the terrible secrets disclosed in committee. It is popularly supposed that this secret committee regulates the politics of East India; that these three old gentlemen, sitting ominously round a table in a darkened room in the India House, dispose of thrones and principalities with a stroke of the pen. The outside public gaze with awe at a frowning, solid door in the India House on which are inscribed the words, Secret Committee-room.

In point of fact the Secret Committee is, like the Court of Directors, a mere sham. It enjoys the privilege of copying the dispatches of the Board of Control, and forwarding them to the officers of the government in India—when the Board of Control chooses; just as often orders are sent to the Governor-General directly, without the interposition of either the Secret Committee or the Board of Directors.

Of course the Board of Directors are not always satisfied with their share of the spoil—namely, the punctual dividends and the patronage. They often protest that if they were intrusted with the management of the Company's territories things would be much better managed. Colonel Sykes persists that the war with Afghanistan might have been avoided had the Court of Directors been consulted; and, ludicrously enough, on the occasion of the Company's war with Burmah, he made noisy and repeated efforts to ascertain why he and his associates were going to war—a fact which, he said, he learned from the newspapers.

The object of the English Government in keeping up the nominal Board of Directors is probably to preserve a scape-goat for

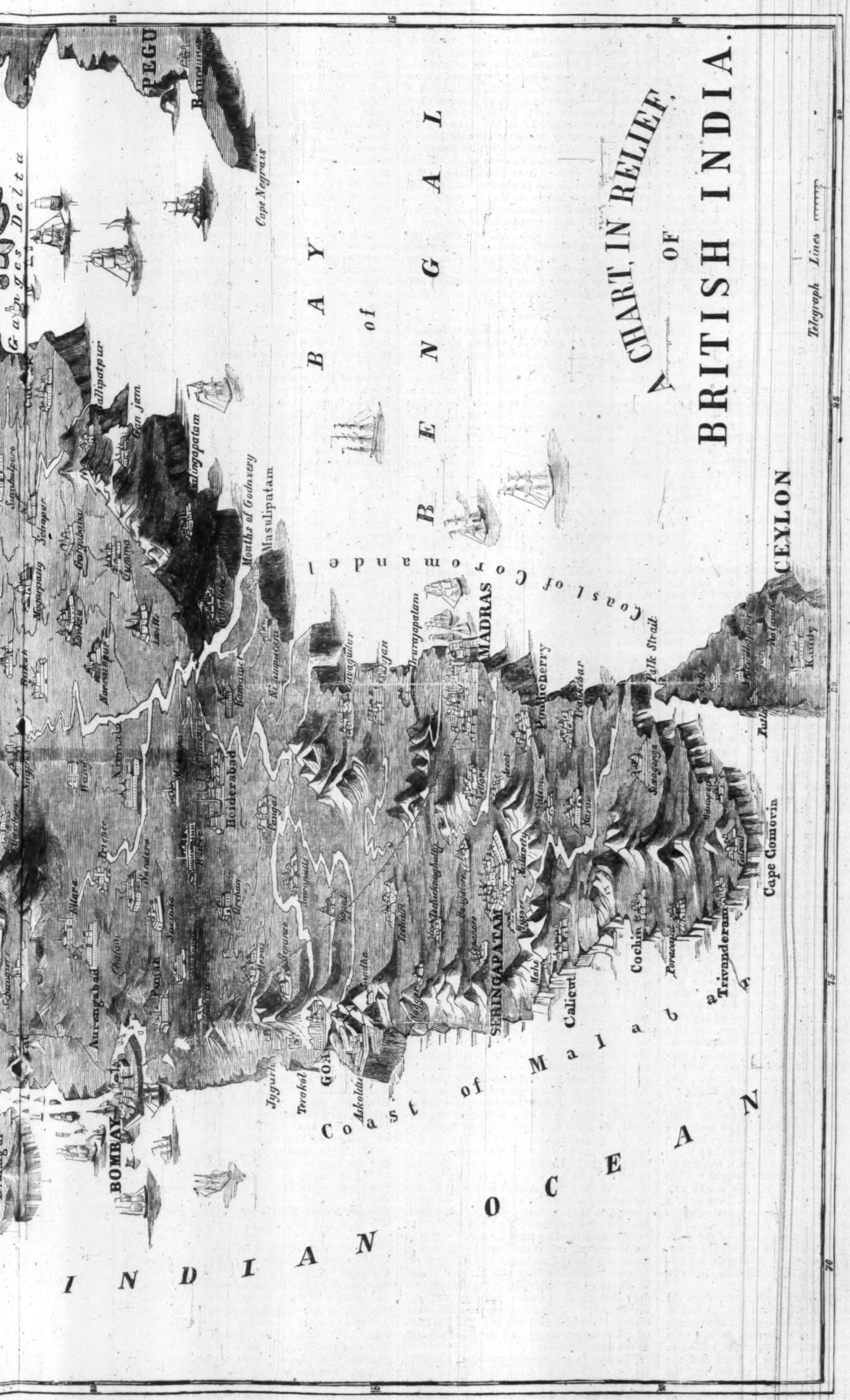


their Indian blunders. The most obvious effect of the duplex arrangement is an immense complication of business details. With the exception of the important matters which are decided by the Board of Control, and not communicated to the Board of Directors, all dispatches between the Indian and the Home government are copied and re-copied, sent from bureau to bureau, and from committee to committee, in true Circumlocution Office style. Some of these dispatches are of fabulous length. A financial dispatch of 1855 contained 13,511 folios; one from the revenue department, 16,263 pages; and another from the same department, in 1845, the enormous number of 46,000 pages. Of such dispatches, between 2200 and 3000 are exchanged annually at the India House; so that one learns without surprise that the dispatches from 1793 to 1813 comprise 9094 great folio volumes, and those from 1814 to 1829, 12,414. Just fancy such dispatches passing from committee to committee and from board to board, and an idea may be formed of the manner in which business must be transacted by such a method!

The fortunate individuals who own East India stock vary from 2500 to 4000 in number. The aggregate amount of the stock—which was £30,000 in 1600—is now £6,000,000. The arrangements for voting are ingenious and complicated. The ownership of £1000 of stock entitles a holder to one vote, £3000 confers two votes, £6000 three, and so on. We are distinctly informed, in the by-laws of the Company, that even women and foreigners may vote. All which is very interesting, as the votes of the Board are never of the least consequence.

It is, however, considered a grand thing to be an East India Director, as the title implies wealth and a certain amount of political consideration. So people who have served in India, and made a fortune, aspire ardently for the distinction. Colonel Sykes says he spent seven years and £2280 in the attempt. How he laid out the money one can not imagine. Surely East India proprietors do not sell their votes. Let us charitably suppose he invested the twelve thousand dollars in persuasive turtle and port.

The public have lately read a petition from certain inhabitants of Calcutta, praying the British Government to take the country out of the hands of the Company, and administer it like other British colonies. As to the future administration of the government of Bengal, we suspect it will be found necessary to consult a third party, as well as the British Government and the Anglo-Indians—namely, the natives; and, as to the past, we have already shown that the real government of the country has been as fully in the hands of the British Ministry as it could be under any new arrangement. The merchants of Calcutta are therefore likely to take little by their motion.



So far as appears, the Indian Government is tainted with the faults which invariably mark proconsular governments in wealthy countries at a distance from home. The general rule of the Indian service is that a young man who enters at twenty, and serves twenty-five years faithfully, shall, after that term (during which he shall live in comfort, and perhaps in splendor), retire with a fortune of not less than $100,000. Add to this that the Company—though for years it has been financially a losing concern, with a steadily increasing deficit—has been able to support a Governor-General in imperial state, three Lieutenant-Governors with their Councils, an immense array of officials, and an army of near a quarter of a million of men, and it will be seen at a glance that extortion and plunder must have been carried on in India to an extent unparalleled in modern history. We are far from wishing to plead for the Sepoys, whose brutalities have aroused the just indignation of every civilized human being; but it is quite obvious that something more than the change proposed by the Anglo-Indians of Calcutta is needed to restore stability and peace to the British empire in India.

The following account of the Sepoys by an old Indian officer will throw some light on their condition and history:

"When factories and residences were first established over different parts of India, the rajahs, or native chieftains ruling in those districts, afforded protection to the foreign traders, and usually supplied a guard of honor composed of native foot-soldiers or Sepoys, whose duty it was to watch over the interests of these strangers, and guard them from plunder or insult. Though, strictly speaking, these Sepoys were supposed to be under the command of the European resident, in many cases they in reality were masters, watching every movement of the English with intensest jealousy. The exact period when Sepoys were first embodied under English officers and received British pay, I have been unable to ascertain. What greatly facilitated such a step was undoubtedly the petty feuds and imbroglios which were continually breaking out between the various independent rajahs and princes that, in those days, abounded in India. Those who had become thoroughly acquainted with the English character and English bravery at once enlisted us as their allies; and such men as Clive and Wellington consolidated upon a firmer basis a system which was originally little better than an irregular and contingent force, till, step by step, we changed positions, and, from being the tolerated, became the tolerant—the rulers, instead of the ruled, of India.

"Physically, nothing could have proved more acceptable to the East India Company than the enrollment into their service of a number of native Sepoys. Though not averaging the usual height or muscular strength of English soldiers, they were admirably adapted in every other sense to the climate that required their services; moreover, they were cheap, and their requisitions on a march easily supplied, as they could subsist entirely upon rice and ghee, with the addition of an occasional curry, while their sole beverage consisted of water. The last remark applies more particularly to the Hindoos; for the Mussulman Sepoy occasionally indulges in meat and poultry, though he can for months content himself without them. In this respect it will be perceived what an evident superiority and advantage the Sepoy possessed over the European soldier; with the former, the commissariat department was almost a farce; with the latter, it is an incubus upon a march or in a battle-field, entailing enormous additional expense and inconvenience; for the English soldier, wherever he goes, must have his meat, coffee, tea, sugar, biscuit or bread, spirits, etc., and the transport and procuring of these are no easy matter in an enemy's country. Moreover, nothing lacking in activity or daring, when stimulated by the example of undaunted Englishmen that fought side by side with them, the Sepoys could better resist fatigue and heat, and were less subjected to those fatal fevers and other maladies which have generally proved the deadliest foe that an English army has to encounter in India. Officered by Englishmen, and led on by British commanders, they soon proved themselves generally worthy of trust and confidence.

"In the course of time the Sepoy regiments were thoroughly organized, till eventually they became, as it may be, composed of lineal descendants, serving as soldiers from father to sons, through several generations. The old and the worthy retired on what was to them an ample pension, to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* in the bosom of families from whom they had been separated for years: some as native commissioned officers, some as sergeants and corporals, and some few as privates. Many also, from ill health, were transferred to invalid battalions; and the worthiest among this latter class were chosen to guard the travelers' bungalows, established all over India, where, in addition to their income, they reaped no small harvest in the shape of black-mail, levied upon the generosity of travelers."

In order that our readers may be the better able to use the accompanying map in studying the war in India, we subjoin the following list of distances between the principal cities:

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

From	To Calcutta. *Miles.*	To Bombay. *Miles.*	To Madras. *Miles.*
Agra	731	[illegible]	1046
Allahabad	463	731	893
Agmeer	901	673	1047
Benares	390	789	844
Bombay	1036	—	668
Cashmir	1218	1091	1579
Cabul	1455	1150	1188
Calcutta	—	1036	926
Delhi	838	751	[illegible]
Goa	1076	252	463
Hydrabad	1291	546	1193
Lahore	1145	926	1393
Madras	[illegible]	668	—
Multan	1242	809	1226
Patna	303	921	[illegible]
Peshawur	[illegible]	1087	1623
Seringapatam	1071	524	263
Trinkomali	1096	921	[illegible]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

HISTORICAL PROBLEM. "Is Gentleman Waife a swindler or a man of genius?" ANSWER—"Certainly a swindler, if he don't succeed." Julius Cæsar owed two millions when he risked the experiment of being general in Gaul. If Julius Cæsar had not lived to cross the Rubicon and pay off his debts, what would his creditors have called Julius Cæsar?

I NEED not say that Mr. Hartopp and his foreman came duly to tea, but the Comedian exhibited Sir Isaac's talents very sparingly—just enough to excite admiration without sating curiosity. Sophy, whose pretty face and well-bred air were not unappreciated, was dismissed early to bed by a sign from her grandfather, and the Comedian then exerted his powers to entertain his visitors, so that even Sir Isaac was soon forgotten. Hard task, by writing, to convey a fair idea of this singular vagrant's pleasant vein. It was not so much what he said as the way of saying it, which gave to his desultory talk the charm of humor. He had certainly seen an immense deal of life somehow or other; and without appearing at the time to profit much by observation, without perhaps being himself conscious that he did profit, there was something in the very *enfantillage* of his loosest prattle, by which, with a glance of the one lustrous eye, and a twist of the mobile lip, he could convey the impression of an original genius playing with this round world of ours—tossing it up, catching it again—easily as a child plays with his party-colored ball. His mere book-knowledge was not much to boast of, though early in life he must have received a fair education. He had a smattering of the ancient classics, sufficient, perhaps, to startle the unlearned. If he had not read them, he had read about them; and at various odds and ends of his life he had picked up acquaintance with the popular standard modern writers. But literature with him was the smallest stripe in the party-colored ball. Still it was astonishing how far and wide the Comedian could spread the sands of lore that the winds had drifted round the door of his playful, busy intellect. Where, for instance, could he ever have studied the nature and prospects of Mechanics' Institutes? and yet how well he seemed to understand them. Here, perhaps, his experience in one kind of audience helped him to the key to all miscellaneous assemblages. In fine, the man was an actor; and if he had thought fit to act the part of Professor Long himself, he would have done it to the life.

The two burghers had not spent so pleasant an evening for many years. As the clock struck twelve, the Mayor, whose gig had been in waiting a whole hour to take him to his villa, rose reluctantly to depart.

"And," said Williams, "the bills must be out to-morrow. What shall we advertise?"

"The simpler the better," said Waife; "only pray head the performance with the assurance that it is under the special patronage of his worship the Mayor."

The Mayor felt his breast swell as if he had received some overwhelming personal obligation.

"Suppose it runs thus," continued the Comedian:

"Illustrations from Domestic Life and Natural History, with LIVE examples, PART FIRST—THE DOG!"

"It will take," said the Mayor; "dogs are such popular animals!"

"Yes," said Williams; "and though for that very reason some might think that by the 'live example of a dog' we compromised the dignity of the Institute—still the importance of Natural History—"

"And," added the Comedian, "the sanctifying influences of domestic life—"

"May," concluded Mr. Williams, "carry off whatever may seem to the higher order of minds a too familiar attraction in the—dog!"

"I do not fear the result," said Waife, "provided the audience be sufficiently numerous; for that (which is an indispensable condition to a fair experiment), I issue handbills—only where distributed by the Mayor."

"Don't be too sanguine. I distributed bills on behalf of Professor Long, and the audience was not numerous. However, I will do my best. Is there nothing more in which I can be of use to you, Mr. Chapman?"

"Yes, later." Williams took alarm and approached the Mayor's breast-pocket protectingly. The Comedian drew him aside and whispered: "I intend to give the Mayor a little outline of the exhibition, and bring him into it, in order that his fellow-townsmen may signify their regard for him by a cheer; it will please his good heart, and be touching, you'll see—mum!" Williams shook the Comedian by the hand, relieved, affected, and confiding.

The visitors departed; and the Comedian lighted his hand-candlestick, whistled to Sir Isaac, and went to bed, without one compunctious thought upon the growth of his bill and the deficit in his pockets. And yet it was true, as Sophy implied, that the Comedian had an honest horror of incurring debt. He generally thought twice before he risked owing even the most trifling bill; and when the bill came in, if it left him penniless, it was paid. And now, what reckless extravagance! The best apartments! dinners—tea—in the first hotel of the town! half a crown to a porter! That lavish mode of life renewed with the dawning sun!—not a care for the morrow; and I dare not conjecture how few the shillings in that purse. What aggravation, too, of guilt! Bills incurred without means under a borrowed name! I don't pretend to be a lawyer; but it looks to me very much like swindling. Yet the wretch sleeps. But are we sure that we are not shallow moralists? Do we carry into account the right of genius to draw bills upon the Future? Does not the most prudent general sometimes burn his ships? Does not the most upright merchant sometimes take credit on the chance of his ventures? May not that peaceful slumberer be morally sure that he has that argosy afloat in his own head, which amply justifies his use of "the Saracen's?" If his plan should fail? He will tell you that is impossible! But if it *should* fail, you say. Listen; there runs a story—(I don't vouch for its truth. I tell it as it was told to me)—there runs a story, that in the late Russian war a certain naval veteran, renowned for professional daring and scientific invention, was examined before some great officials as to the chances of taking Cronstadt. "If you send *me*," said the admiral, "with so many ships-of-the-line, and so many gun-boats, Cronstadt, of course, will be taken." "But," said a prudent lord, "suppose it should not be taken?" "That is impossible—it must be taken!" "Yes," persisted my lord, "you think so, no doubt; but still, if it should not be taken—what then?" "What then!—why, there's an end of the British fleet!" The great men took alarm, and that admiral was not sent. But they misconstrued the meaning of his answer. He meant not to imply any considerable danger to the British fleet. He meant to prove that one hypothesis was impossible by the suggestion of a counter impossibility more self-evident. "It is impossible but what I shall take Cronstadt!" "But if you don't take it?" "It is impossible but what I shall take it; for if I don't take it, there's an end of the British fleet; and as it is impossible that there should be an end of the British fleet, it is impossible that I should not take Cronstadt!"—Q.E.D.

CHAPTER XII.

In which every thing depends on Sir Isaac's success in discovering the Law of Attraction.

ON the appointed evening, at eight o'clock, the great room of the Gatesboro' Athenæum was unusually well filled. Not only had the Mayor exerted himself to the utmost for that object, but the hand-bill itself promised a rare relief from the prosiness of abstract enlightenment and elevated knowledge. Moreover, the stranger himself had begun to excite speculation and curiosity. He was an amateur, not a cut-and-dry professor. The Mayor and Mr. Williams had both spread the report that there was more in him than appeared on the surface: prodigiously learned, but extremely agreeable—fine manners, too! Who could he be? Was Chapman his real name? etc., etc.

The Comedian had obtained permission to arrange the room beforehand. He had the raised portion of it for his stage, and he had been fortunate enough to find a green curtain to be drawn across it. From behind this screen he now emerged, and bowed. The bow redoubled the first conventional applause. He then began a very short address—extremely well delivered, as you may suppose, but rather in the conversational than the oratorical style. He said it was his object to exhibit the intelligence of that Universal Friend of Man—the Dog—in some manner appropriate, not only to its sagacious instincts, but to its affectionate nature, and to convey thereby the moral that talents, however great, learning, however deep, were of no avail, unless rendered serviceable to Man. (Applause.) He must be pardoned, then, if, in order to effect this object, he was compelled to borrow some harmless effects from the stage. In a word, his Dog would represent to them the plot of a little drama. And he, though he could not say that he was altogether unaccustomed to public speaking (here a smile, modest, but august as that of some famous parliamentary orator who makes his first appearance at a vestry), still wholly new to its practice in the special part he had undertaken, would rely on their indulgence to efforts aspiring to no other merit than that of aiding the Hero of the piece in a familiar illustration of those qualities in which Dogs might give a lesson to Humanity. Again he bowed, and retired behind the curtain. A pause of three minutes; the curtain drew up. Could that be the same Mr. Chapman whom the spectators beheld before them? Could three minutes suffice to change the sleek, respectable, prosperous-looking gentleman who had just addressed them, into that image of threadbare poverty and hunger-pinched dejection? Little aid from theatrical costume: the clothes seemed the same, only to have grown wondrous aged and rusty. The face, the figure, the man—*these* had undergone a transmutation beyond the art of a mere stage wardrobe, be it ever so amply stored, to effect. But for the patch over the eye you could not have recognized Mr. Chapman. There was, indeed, about him, still, an air of dignity; but it was the dignity of woe—a dignity, too, not of an affable civilian, but of some veteran soldier. You could not mistake. Though not in uniform, the melancholy man must have been a warrior! The way the coat was buttoned across the chest, the black stock tightened round the throat, the shoulders thrown back in the disciplined habit of a life, though the head bent forward in the despondency of an eventful crisis—all spoke the decayed, but not ignoble, hero of a hundred fields.

There was something foreign, too, about the veteran's air. Mr. Chapman had looked so thoroughly English—that tragical and meagre personage, which had exfoliated an arid stem from Mr. Chapman's buxom leaves, looked so unequivocally French. Not a word had the Comedian yet said; and yet all this had the first sight of him conveyed to the audience. There was an amazed murmur, then breathless stillness. The story rapidly unfolded itself, partly by words, much more by look and action. There sate a soldier who had fought under Napoleon at Marengo and Austerlitz, gone through the snows of Muscovy, escaped the fires of Waterloo—the soldier of the Empire! Wondrous ideal of a wondrous time! and nowhere winning more respect and awe than in that land of the old English foe, in which, with slight knowledge of the Beautiful in Art, there is so reverent a sympathy for all that is grand in Man! There sate the soldier, penniless and friendless—there, scarcely seen, reclined his grandchild, weak and slowly dying for the want of food; and all that the soldier possesses wherewith to buy bread for the day is his cross of the Legion of Honor. It was given to him by the hand of the Emperor—must he pawn or sell it? Out on the pomp of decoration which we have substituted for the voice of passionate nature, on our fallen stage! Scenes so faithful to the shaft of a column—dresses by which an antiquary can define a date to a year! Is delusion there? Is it thus we are snatched from Thebes to Athens? No; place a really fine actor on a deal-board, and for Thebes and Athens you may hang up a blanket! Why, that very cross which the old soldier holds—away from his sight—in that tremulous hand, is but patched up from the foil and card-board bought at the stationer's shop. You might see it was nothing more, if you tried to see. Did a soul present think of such minute investigation? Not one. In the actor's hand that trumpery became at once the glorious thing by which Napoleon had planted the sentiment of knightly heroism in the men whom Danton would have launched upon earth ruthless and bestial, as galley-slaves that had burst their chain.

The badge wrought from foil and card-board took life and soul; it begot an interest, inspired a pathos, as much as if it had been made—oh, not of gold and gems, but of flesh and blood. And the simple broken words that the old Man addressed to it! The scenes, the fields, the hopes, the glories it conjured up! And now to be wrenched away—sold to supply Man's humblest, meanest wants—sold—the last symbol of such a past! It was indeed "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" *He* would have starved rather—but the Child? And then the child rose up and came into play. She would not suffer such a sacrifice—she was not hungry—she was not weak; and when voice failed her, she looked up into that iron face and smiled—nothing but a smile. Out came the pocket-handkerchiefs! The soldier seizes the cross and turns away. It *shall* be sold! As he opens the door, a dog enters gravely—licks his hand, approaches the table, raises itself on its hind-legs, surveys the table dolefully, shakes its head, whines, comes to its master, pulls him by the skirt, looks into his face inquisitively.

What does all this mean? It soon comes out, and very naturally. The dog belonged to an old fellow-soldier, who had gone to the Isle of France to claim his share in the inheritance of a brother who had settled and died there, and who, meanwhile, had confided it to the care of our veteran, who was then in comparatively easy circumstances, since ruined by the failure and fraud of a banker to whom he had intrusted his all; and his small pension, including the yearly sum to which his cross entitled him, had been forestalled and mortgaged to pay the petty debts which, relying on his dividend from the banker, he had innocently incurred. The dog's owner had been gone for months; his return might be daily expected. Meanwhile the dog was at the hearth, but the wolf at the door. Now, this sagacious animal had been taught to perform the duties of messenger and major-domo. At stated intervals, he applied to his master for *sous*, and brought back the supplies which the *sous* purchased. He now, as usual, came to the table for the accustomed coin—the last *sou* was gone—the dog's occupation was at an end. But could not the dog be sold? Impossible—it was the property of another—a sacred deposit; one would be as bad as the banker if one could apply to one's own necessities the property one held in trust. These little biographical particulars came out in that sort of bitter and pathetic humor which a study of Shakspeare, or the experience of actual life had taught the Comedian to be a natural relief to an intense sorrow. The dog meanwhile aided the narrative by his by-play. Still intent upon the *sous*, he thrust his nose into his master's pockets—he appealed touchingly to the child, and finally put back his head and vented his emotion in a lugubrious and elegiacal howl. Suddenly there is heard without the sound of a showman's tin trumpet! Whether the actor had got some obliging person to perform on that instrument, or whether, as more likely, it was but a trick of ventriloquism, we leave to conjecture. At that note, an idea seemed to seize the dog. He ran first to his master, who was on the threshold about to depart; pulled him back into the centre of the room; next he ran to the child, dragging her toward the same spot, though with great tenderness, and then, uttering a joyous bark, he raised himself on his hind-legs, and, with incomparable solemnity, performed a minuet step! The child catches the idea from the dog. "Was he not more worth seeing than the puppet-show in the streets? might not people give money to see him, and the old soldier still keep his cross? To-day there is a public *fête* in the gardens yonder; that showman must be going thither; why not go too?" What! he, the old soldier—he stoop to show off a dog! he! he! The dog looked at him deprecatingly, and stretched himself on the floor—lifeless!

Yes, that is the alternative—shall his child die too, and he be too proud to save her? Ah! and if the cross can be saved also! But pshaw! what did the dog know that people would care to see? Oh, much, much. When the child was alone and sad, it would come and play with her. See these old dominos! She ranged them on the floor, and the dog leaped up and came to prove his skill. Artfully, then, the Comedian had planned that the dog should make some sad mistakes, attended by some marvelous surprises. No, he would not do; yes, he would do. The audience took it seriously, and became intensely interested in the dog's success; so sorry for his blunders, so triumphant in his lucky hits. And then the child calmed the hasty, irritable old man so sweetly, and corrected the dog so gently, and talked to the animal; told it how much they relied on it, and produced an infant alphabet, and spelled out "Save us." The dog looked at the letters meditatively, and henceforth it was evident that he took more pains. Better and better; he will do, he will do! The child shall not starve, the cross shall not be sold! Down drops the curtain.—End of Act I.

Act II. opens with a dialogue spoken off the stage. Invisible *dramatis personæ*, that subsist, with airy tongues, upon the mimetic art of the Comedian. You understand that there is a vehement dispute going on. The dog must not be admitted into a part of the gardens where a more refined and exclusive section of the company have hired seats, in order to contemplate, without sharing, the rude dances or jostling promenade of the promiscuous merry-makers. Much hubbub, much humor; some persons for the dog, some against him; privilege and decorum here, equality and fraternity there. A Bonapartist colonel sees the cross on the soldier's breast, and, *mille tonnerres*, he settles the point. He pays for three reserved seats—one for the soldier, one for the child, and a third for the dog. The veteran enters; the child, not strong enough to have pushed through the crowd, raised on his shoulder, Rolla-like; the dog led by a string. He enters erect and warrior-like; his spirit has been roused by contest; his struggles have been crowned by victory. But (and here the art of the drama and the actor culminated toward the highest point)—but he now at once includes in the list of his *dramatis personæ* the whole of his Gatesboro' audience. *They are* that select company into which he has thus forced his way. As he sees them seated before him, so calm, orderly, and dignified, *mauvaise honte* steals over the breast more accustomed to front the cannon than the battery of ladies' eyes. He places the child in a chair, abashed and humbled; he drops into a seat beside her shrinkingly; and the dog, with more self-possession and sense of his own consequence, brushes with his paw some imaginary dust from a third chair, as in the superciliousness of the well-dressed, and then seats himself, and looks round with serene audacity.

The chairs were skillfully placed on one side of the stage, as close as possible to the front row of the audience. The soldier ventures a furtive glance along the lines, and then speaks to his grandchild in whispered, bated breath: "Now they are there, what are they come for? To beg? He can never have the boldness to exhibit an animal for *sous*—impossible; no, no, let them slink back again and sell the cross." And the child whispers courage; bids him look again along the rows; those faces seem very kind. He again lifts his eyes, glances round, and with an extemporaneous tact that completed the illusion to which the audience were already gently lending themselves, made sundry complimentary comments on the different faces actually before him, selected most felicitously. The audience, taken by surprise, as some fair female, or kindly burgess, familiar to their associations, was thus pointed out to their applause, became heartily genial in their cheers and laughter. And the Comedian's face, unmoved by such demonstrations—so shy and sad—insinuated its pathos underneath cheer and laugh. You now learned through the child that a dance, on which the company had been supposed to be gazing, was concluded, and that they would not be displeased by an interval of some other diversion. Now was the time! The dog, as if to convey a sense of the prevalent ennui, yawned audibly, patted the child on the shoulder, and looked up in her face. "A game of dominos," whispered the little girl. The dog gleefully grinned assent. Timidly she stole forth the old dominos, and ranged them on the ground; on which she slipped from her chair; the dog slipped from his; they began to play. The experiment was launched; the soldier saw that the curiosity of the company was excited—that the show would commence—the *sous* follow; and as if he at least would not openly shame his service and his Emperor, he turned aside, slid his hand to his breast, tore away his cross, and hid it. Scarce a murmured word accompanied the action—the acting said all; and a noble thrill ran through the audience. Oh, sublime art of the mime!

The Mayor sate very near where the child and dog were at play. The Comedian had (as he before implied he would do) discreetly prepared that gentleman for direct and personal appeal. The little girl turned her blue eyes innocently toward Mr. Hartopp, and said, "The dog beats me, Sir; will you try what you can do?"

A roar, and universal clapping of hands, amidst which the worthy magistrate stepped on the stage. At the command of its young mistress, the dog made the magistrate a polite bow, and straight to the game went magistrate and dog. From that time the interest became, as it were, personal to all present. "Will you come, Sir?" said the child to a young gentleman, who was straining his neck to see how the dominos were played; "and observe that it is all fair. You too, Sir?" to Mr. Williams. The Comedian stood beside the dog, whose movements he directed with undetected skill, while appearing only to fix his eyes on the ground in conscious abasement. Those on the rows from behind now pressed forward; those in advance either came on the stage, or stood up intently contemplating. The Mayor was defeated, the crowd became too thick, and the caresses bestowed on the dog seemed to fatigue him. He rose and retreated to a corner haughtily. "Manners, Sir," said the soldier; "it is not for the like of us to be proud; excuse him, ladies and gentlemen."—"He only wishes to please all," said the child, deprecatingly. "Say how many would you have round us at a time, so that the rest may not be prevented seeing you?" She spread the multiplication figures before the dog; the dog put his paw on 10. "Astonishing!" said the Mayor; "Will you choose them yourself, Sir?" The dog nodded, walked leisurely round, keeping one eye toward the one eye of his master, and selected ten persons, among whom were the Mayor, Mr. Williams, and three pretty young ladies, who had been induced to ascend the stage. The others were chosen no less judiciously.

The dog was then led artfully on from one accomplishment to another, much within the ordinary range which bounds the instruction of learned animals. He was asked to say how many ladies were on the stage; he spelt three. What were their names? "The Graces." Then he was asked who was the first magistrate in the town. The dog made a bow to the Mayor. "What had made that gentleman first magistrate?" The dog looked to the alphabet and spelt "Worth." "Were there any persons present more powerful than the Mayor?" The dog bowed to the three young ladies. "What made them more powerful?" The dog spelt "Beauty." When ended the applause these answers received, the dog went through the musket exercise with the soldier's staff; and as soon as he had performed that, he came to the business part of the exhibition, seized the hat which his master had dropped on the ground, and carried it round to each person on the stage. They looked at one another. "He is a poor soldier's dog," said the child, hiding her face. "No, no; a soldier can not beg," cried the Comedian. The Mayor dropped a coin in the hat; others did the same, or affected to do it. The dog took the hat to his master, who waved him aside. There was a pause. The dog laid the hat softly at the soldier's feet, and looked up to the child beseechingly.

"What," asked she, raising her head proudly—"what secures WORTH and defends BEAUTY?" The dog took up the staff and shouldered it. And to what can the soldier look for aid when he starves, and will not beg? The dog seemed puzzled—the suspense was awful. "Good Heavens," thought the Comedian, "if the brute should break down after all!—and when I took such care that the words should lie undisturbed—right before his nose!" With a deep sigh the veteran started from his despondent attitude, and crept along the floor as if for escape—so broken down, so crest-fallen. Every eye was on that heart-broken face and receding figure; and the eye of that heartbroken face was on the dog, and the foot of that receding figure seemed to tremble, recoil, start, as it passed by the alphabetical letters which still lay on the ground as last arranged. "Ah! to what should he look for aid?" repeated the grandchild, clasping her little hands. The dog had now caught the cue, and put his paw first upon "WORTH," and then upon BEAUTY. "WORTH!" cried the ladies—"BEAUTY!" exclaimed the Mayor. "Wonderful, wonderful!" "Take up the hat," said the child, and turning to the Mayor—"Ah! tell him, Sir, that what Worth and Beauty give to Valor in distress is not alms, but tribute."

The words were little better than a hack claptrap; but the sweet voice glided through the assembly, and found its way into every heart.

"Is it so?" asked the old soldier, as his hand hoveringly paused above the coins. "Upon my honor, it is, Sir," said the Mayor, with serious emphasis. The audience thought it the best speech he had ever made in his life, and cheered him till the roof rung again. "Oh! bread, bread, for you, Darling!" cried the veteran, bowing his head over the child, and taking out his cross and kissing it with passion; "and the badge of honor still for me!"

While the audience was in the full depth of its emotion, and generous tears in many an eye, Waife seized his moment, dropped the actor, and stepped forth to the front as the man—simple, quiet, earnest man—artless man!

"This is no mimic scene, ladies and gentlemen. It is a tale in real life that stands out before you. I am here to appeal to those hearts that are not vainly open to human sorrows. I plead for what I have represented. True, that the man who needs your aid is not of that soldiery which devastated Europe. But he has fought in battles as severe, and been left by fortune to as stern a desolation. True, he is not a Frenchman: he is one of a land you will not love less than France,—it is your own. He, too, has a child whom he would save from famine. He, too, has nothing left to sell or to pawn for bread—except—oh, not this gilded badge, see, this is only foil and card-board—except, I say, the thing itself, of which you respect even so poor a symbol—nothing left to sell or to pawn but Honor! For these I have pleaded this night as a showman; for these, less haughty than the Frenchman, I stretch my hands toward you without shame; for these I am a beggar."

He was silent. The dog quietly took up the hat and approached the Mayor again. The Mayor extracted the half-crown he had previously deposited, and dropped into the hat two golden sovereigns. Who does not guess the rest? All crowded forward—youth and age, man and woman. And most ardent of all were those whose life stands most close to vicissitude—most exposed to beggary—most sorely tried in the alternative between bread and honor. Not an operative there but spared his mite.

THE EVENINGS.

I.

In the summer evenings
  When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
  With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
  Long, long years ago.
Love, the young and hopeful,
  Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
  And delicious pain,
In the summer evenings
  Wandering in the lane.

II.

In the winter evenings
  When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
  Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy,
  As in days of yore.
Love still hovers o'er us,
  Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
  From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings
  Sitting by the fire.

Charles Mackay.

THE CRYSTAL-SEER.

Truly it is a most grave employment to be sitting here in the condemned cell, five hours, by the last stroke of Trinity, from my step into the eternal and the dark. The jailer, kind man, gives me paper, pencil, and candle, and, in a grim way, I am making a night of it. A just Heaven reward him—may he turn a fat penny by these confessions. Ho, there! too much noise! Never mind, it is only my keeper sleeping somewhat loudly. Poor soul, slumber on; thou hast not to die—just now.

In the College of St. Barabbas I passed my terms alone—in a crowd, but strictly alone—for I was never like the rest, and we let each other go by. I held unusual notions of life and man; I did not make the common distinction between realities and appearances. Often, walking in the day-time, I said, "I dream;" often, lying in the darkness of my room, in a great hall of wonderful images, I murmured, "Now I really begin to be." So I came to be looked upon as an unpleasant mystery—a tangle which none but new-comers sought to unravel, and failing to unravel, then left alone.

I held one belief which I confided to but a single other creature. It was settled gospel with me that all human souls are double, and that this visible personality which goes up and down the earth breathing and transacting business is but a mixed shadow thrown from the unseen duality. In a walk which I once took with the man who roomed next to me, I said this unawares. He laughed at me, and sighed "visionary." After that I always went out alone.

I can not remember the time when I did not believe this. Often even in childhood did I lie awake and hear my two selves talk to each other across my breast. Once I trembled to hear one of them utter a dreadful groan, and whisper of seeing a bad fate coming far off through the darkness. And many, many a time have I looked down upon myself from a great height, and reasoned of what I was, as of a stone.

One hot summer day I stood just outside the St. Barabbas gates, a new graduate. Ten dollars remained to me of my patrimony, and that was in my pocket. No one advanced any claim to share my fortune with me, and naturally I concluded that I might make what use of it I pleased. I paid my passage to New York, and reaching there, hid myself in a convenient little room, not too near the noisier thoroughfares, too far from the sky, nor over-dear—where, by pilot-bread and water, I might purchase one week's surety from starving—one week's chances of finding something to do which should keep me out of the turbid river that rushed by the wharves, two blocks down.

Day after day the chances grew fewer. From the first ripple of the business-tide until every thing grew calmer, and men went home to their wives at night, I was in the streets, indefatigably offering my services. Nobody wanted a teacher—nobody a scrivener—nobody a clerk. Might I sweep out the office and go on errands for my board? No, the situation was filled. The rag-picker hustled me; the sweep knew I was out of employ; and little children who had mothers, ran to them when they saw me—no doubt feeling that I was a vagrant. But no, not quite a vagrant yet—I had a home to go to; and as, on the evening of the last day whose roof and food were provided for, I slouched meanly through a reeking alley toward my garret, I caught a glimpse of the river, and drew myself up to my full height, for I thought that it would take me without much chill or long pain.

Turning the corner of this alley I came into a street broader, and not quite so poor. Just then a wonderful sight floated by me—a young girl, not over eighteen years, beautiful as God ever makes a creature, with wavy, sunny hair, eyes like the blue sky of dreams, and such a look of all-goodness, that the wan, half-naked children stopped wrangling, and smiled out of their mire to see her face.

Behind her came a servant, and in the basket on his arm were clothes, meat, and bread.

The thought of the river slid out of my brain in an instant, and I stood gazing after her, like John in the Transfiguration. Down, down into the far dimness of the street, she faded out of sight. Not till then did I turn to a ragged wayfarer who was by my side, and say, "Can you tell me who that lady is?" He answered, "I don't know her name, but God bless it! It's in His book. She comes here every day, doing good to the poor!" Then he passed on.

Close by my feet something sparkled in the light of the street-lamp. I stooped and picked it up. It was a precious stone—a diamond so large, so resplendent, as to be worth a little kingdom. It was set as a brooch in a golden wreath, which clasped it all around the edge, and on the slender plate which braced the wreath behind I read this one word, "Elise." For a moment I thought the gem a bait of the adversary to bring into danger my soul, just confronted with starvation. Then I rejected the idea, and pressed the jewel reverently to my lips—for I knew it was the waif of the angel who had passed; a talisman, not a temptation. Not daring to trust it from my touch, in my clenched hand I carried it with me to my garret.

Does the man know what I am writing? Lie still, good keeper! I am chained. Sleep; it is but just dawn!

I had no candles; they were dearer than bread, and I was used to the dark. I drew near the dormer window of my room, and held up the diamond between me and the starlight. Gracious God! I suddenly found that I possessed the rare gift of crystal-sight. Deep in the gleamy recesses of that gem stood one of my two selves which I had heard and seen in dreams. And now—thou fool, my heart! thou art too near the scaffold to be weeping! Peace!—now I saw that radiant minister of God, Elise, floating out of the diamond distance to the side of my eidolon. She laid her hand upon his arm, and pointed upward. He lifted to heaven a pure, untroubled face, like that of infancy, and there fell on it rays from a starry crown. As with the sweep of wings, the wondrous maiden bore him heavenward toward the constellation, clasping him by the hand. I rose with their ascension—I exulted till distance wrapped their flight from my view. Then I hid the diamond under my pillow, and thanked God with prayers like anthems because he had shown me her who was linked with my destiny as its good angel. Sleeping, I dreamed of all things fair and holy.

All the next day I stationed myself by the same corner where I had seen Elise pass. In the afternoon she came by again, and with her not only the footman, but a tall, well-favored man, older than his prime, yet still erect, and somewhat haughty of bearing. They walked slowly, and every now and then stopped to question the passers-by. Taking advantage of this delay, I hurried up to them, and, hardly able to speak because I saw *her* again, stretched out my hand with the diamond, and faltered, "Lady, it is my happiness to restore your jewel." As her eyes met mine, something within me said, "This moment holds thy destiny." She started as if she recognized me, turned marble-pale, and, passing her hand quickly over her forehead, like one waking from a dream, took the brooch, and said, "God bless you: it was my dead mother's gift."

The gentleman half drew out his purse. I waved it back again, and he stood for a moment in rigid surprise: then said, "But what is this? Such honesty must not go unrewarded." I did not answer, but the daughter whispered something hurriedly to her father, upon which he spoke: "You seem far above those whom we expect to meet in such a place as this, and yet—" Here he gave a quick look at my worn attire, and still more worn face. "Can I serve you in any way?" he continued.

It ended in my going home with him as his secretary. He was rich, a benevolent man, and his sympathies flowed at my hastily-sketched story. I was installed in his house. The days went by, and I was no longer ill-fed, ill-clad, nor ill-lodged. All this was, in the worldly sense, to be well off. Still there was one thing of bitterness which all the father's wealth could not have made sweet—to be near the daughter morning, noon, and night; to detect her looking at me ever and anon, with one of those strange looks which she gave when I restored the diamond; to accompany her many a time on the merciful errand which disclosed her to me first—yes, though thou art striking, last bell but three of all I shall ever hear on earth—to find her every day more and more shutting out of my soul every other being but God, and not to hear from her own mouth whether she loved me!

At last, though I had not asked her father's consent, I resolved to know. Very simply and calmly, one day when we were alone, I told her the story of the Crystal Sight, and what she had been to me ever since. Growing once more marble-white, she heard me through, and then, just breathing "I had seen that vision in the diamond long before," she fell upon my breast as one dead.

But the fiery ordeal was to come. In the afternoon, when the father came home, I summoned all my strength, and plead for his daughter as for my own soul. He had other views for his child. It was better that we should separate.

Every thing was very delicately done, as good taste suggests when two hearts are to be broken. I left the house under cover of nightfall; another place offered itself, and mechanically I accepted it, without even suspecting that the father had obtained it for me privately. The first night that I passed under the new roof I heard once again, after many years, the groan of the mysterious self sounding across my breast.

After a while I grew strangely reckless. Elise I was to see never more, and with her face departed every thing holy from life and dreams. The figures which I saw in sleep were hideous, and cursed when they spoke. Once I caught a glimpse of the other part of my duality, which I had not seen before. It looked demoniac, and I woke gnashing my teeth. Hitherto I had never been a boon companion; now I passed most of the evenings in wild revelry. Ah, how I went down!

One night when I was half furious with drink and play, one of those unfortunates who drag man down into the gulf where he plunged them at first, came and stood behind me at the gaming-table, and caressed my cheek. I swept up the winnings of the evening, for luck had been with me, and followed her from the room.

Oh, to think that one so full of sin and woes should be so beautiful! Her great, lustrous brown eyes were overshadowed by a wealth of braided raven hair. In sensuous beauty, beyond all other beings I ever saw, bewilderingly queenly from the clear arched brow to the ripe lip, which curved imperceptibly down to melt into the full, fair chin, graceful as grace's self. Oh! she whirled my wild soul into her fascination, so that I could not have left her for Heaven. From the hour when we walked away together from the crimson lights of the faro den, we never parted till I came here. We were as one being in the dreadful ecstasy of that maddening alliance of sin.

Late one night I came home to my lodging, and found that Lina, weary with watching for me, had thrown herself down for a short sleep. Her round, white arm in slumberous abandonment lay carelessly upon the pillow, and in the bracelet on her wrist sparkled one large ruby. An imperative voice, such as we sometimes hear calling irresistibly out of the soul, sounded in my ear, "Crystal-seer, look into that ruby! Look!" Before I knew it, I had unclasped the bracelet; I held the stone up to the light. Great One above! what did I see? I do not dare to write it without some one by me. Ho, keeper! Awake there! I am lonely for lack of company. My brain burns when I remember that in that winy orb stood the awful self I had seen before—a hollow-eyed, despairing fiend, the incarnation of all wickedness, and trampling on a crown of extinguished stars! Still more fearful shapes surrounded him; they were wreathing his forehead with flowers whose petals were flame; they were hissing at him in mockery. Then one came and kissed him, and beckoned him down into a chasm of nether darkness. Oh, houri of Gehenna! It was she who slept by my side!

I flung the bracelet from me as it were a serpent. My knife lay on the table; for the way to hell is ever close at hand. That matchless upturned face of sleep but nerved my arm, and with a lightning blow the deed was done. A pair of great, deep eyes opened on me in bewilderment, and then shut into the darkness of the Forever.

I did not fly nor hide. I was close beside Lina when the officers took me. After the trial I came hither. Here I shall be till to-morrow. Where then? Oh! which of the two selves shall I eternally be conscious in? With which shall go memory, reason, feeling?

Ruby! ruby! I fear thee!

Two hours by the bell, and I shall know.

ODDS AND ENDS.

[*By an old Bachelor Contributor.*]

OF WOMAN.

Dr. Sapphir says: "Woman is the honey of life; the sugar pea within the pod of our existence; the grain of gold among the gray sand of earth; the wonderful motive-spring which sets in action that vast engine known as the world."

The Abbé Bernis, Cardinal and French Embassador at the Court of Venice, said, in answer to the same question, "Etre humain qui s'habille, babille, et déshabille."

OF OLD MAIDS.

Again Dr. Sapphir says: "How unjust, how cruel and heartless is the world toward the old maid! Receiving with favor the bachelor, it reviles the spinster, as though upon her forlorn self culminated all the miseries of single cursedness. Yet in the heart of every old unmarried woman lies a deep, unspoken tragedy. What trials, what afflictions, what sorrows, have not schooled that now quiet heart! What sublime, unknown, uncomprehended self-sacrifices have been needed in the past to produce the silent resignation of the present, who shall venture to say? Within such a heart there is buried a tragedy of fate, full of endless melancholy and renunciation; full of tranquil pains and inaudible plaints; full of deceived, disappointed, derided, and, what is worse, of never-comprehended longings.

"But within an old bachelor's heart there is found naught but the cast-off wardrobe of domestic comedies never played."

WHAT IS LOVE?

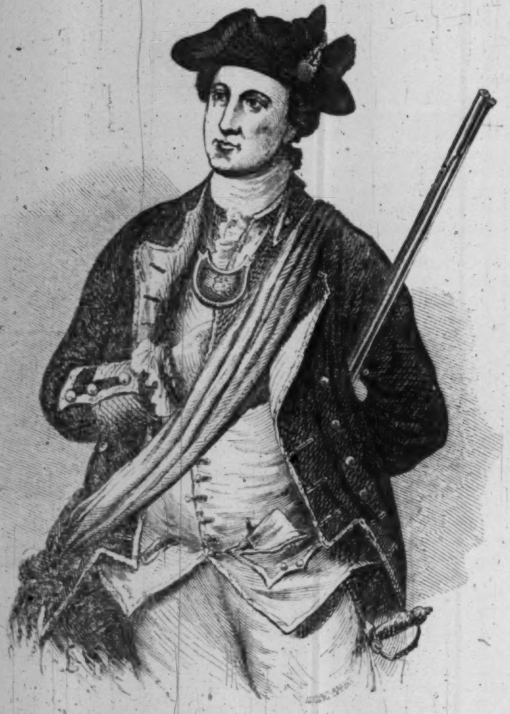
Aristotle calls it the soul of two bodies. Plato, a wolf's hunger, devouring lambs. Nicolas Venetti, a morning star fallen from heaven, and buried in clay. Augustin Niphus, the bridge between heaven and earth; and again, a magic swing, raising the mortal to the altitude of the immortal.

On the contrary, old Michel Montaigne says, "Love is a passion, making of man a beast." To which the Marquise de Lambert replies, "It is a talisman which makes of earth a Paradise."

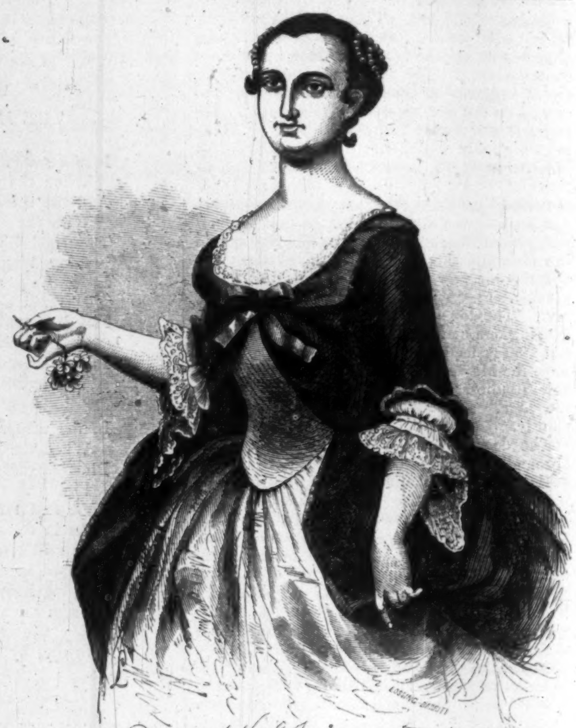
Jacques Ferraud calls love a sickness; while Vincenzo Fabricius thinks it a physician.

Leo Abarbanel, a learned Rabbin of the sixteenth century, in his work, "Philosophia Amoris," thus accounts for the existence of the passion of love: "The first man, Adam, was created with two heads, four arms, and four legs. Now, as he was wandering alone through the Garden, longing vainly for society, and much desiring to hear the voice of some other, God divided him, and thus created Eve. But each of the two parts retained a vehement desire toward the other; and thus arose love."

A German philosopher asks: "Who can measure the heights of love—who explore its depths? Who comprehends its omnipotence? Who can unriddle the secret of its magic power? Who can analyze all its traits? Who can exhaust the peculiarities of its manifestations? Love is gentle as the dove, yet fierce as the Numidian lion; it is simple as the Lord's Prayer, yet intricate as the mazes of the Egyptian labyrinth; gentle as the summer breeze, yet wild as the wintry gale; timid as its first confession, and yet in boldness equal to the utmost danger."



WASHINGTON AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE, FROM A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE AT ARLINGTON HOUSE.



M Washington

MRS. WASHINGTON, FROM A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE AT ARLINGTON HOUSE.

MY LOVE.

Your Love is painted with wine;
Hey! the thrush sings up on the tree!
She drinks from a goblet so fine,
With a Ho! and a Hey! she's not for me!
But when the green lanes burgeon,
Hey! the thrush sings deep in the tree!
And when the spring is virgin,
'Tis then that my sweet love comes for me!

The white lambs tumble and bleat,
Hey! the thrush sings high on the tree!
They nibble the grass at her feet,
With a Ho! and a Hey! and over the lea!
The saplings lean unto her,
Hey! the thrush sings low on the tree!
And all the meadows woo her,
But nothing can love her so much as me!

The little bird's nest in the hedge,
Hey! the thrush sings full on the tree!
The bittern he booms in the sedge,
With a Ho! and a Hey! as she comes for me!
None pluck at her cheeks' red posy,
Hey! the thrush sings loud on the tree!
None taste of her lips so rosy,
Nor none ever shall, my boy, but me!

RAIN.

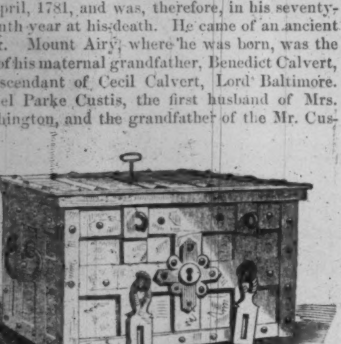
My Love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain;
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lea
Of the wide high-spreading chestnut-tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh rain! oh rain!
Oh blessed rain!
No sunshine ever shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

Charles Mackay.

THE LATE G. W. P. CUSTIS.

On the morning of the 10th instant died, at Arlington, his residence, near Washington City, George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and remarkable as having been for some years the last remaining member of the great chief's own family-circle.

Mr. Custis was born at Mount Airy, Maryland, in April, 1781, and was, therefore, in his seventy-seventh year at his death. He came of an ancient stock. Mount Airy, where he was born, was the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, and the grandfather of the Mr. Custis just deceased, was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and was long an extensive tobacco-planter in New Kent County, Virginia, on the banks of the Pamunky River. Here he married the beautiful Martha Dandridge, and here, too, he died, at the age of thirty, leaving the young widow a large fortune, and the care of two young children.



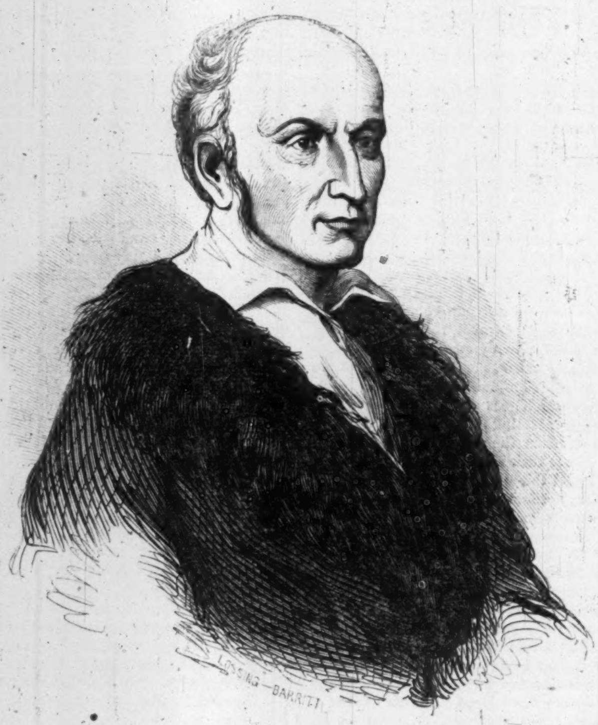
THE STRONG-BOX.

When Mrs. Martha Custis became Mrs. Washington her children found in the great chief a loving and careful friend, who looked after their interests as though they had been his own children, and, indeed, felt for them all the affection of a father. Young John Parke Custis, one of these children, was an aid to the chief at the siege of Yorktown. An attack of camp-fever obliged him to leave his post for his home at Eltham before the conclusion of the siege. Soon after the capitulation, Washington, informed that the disease menaced the life of his step-son, hastened to Eltham. Arrived at the house, he was met at the door by Dr. Craik, with the information that Mr. Custis had just expired. It is stated that Washington was profoundly affected. He was bowed with grief, and wept for a while like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour."

One of these children was the late proprietor of Arlington House; the other was his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who afterward married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew, and died in Clark County, Virginia, in 1852, at the advanced age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was but six months old when thus adopted by Washington. He remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, at which time he was about twenty-one years of age. He received a fine education, was appointed cornet of horse in 1799, and was soon afterward made aid-de-camp to Major-General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina.

Arlington, an estate of one thousand acres, lying upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City, had been left him by his father. Here, when, in 1802, the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, broke up the family at Mount Vernon, Mr. Custis began the erection of the mansion so long known as Arlington House, and this became his home for the balance of his life. Here he gathered together many precious mementos of the great man with whom he was so intimately connected, as well as of his own direct ancestors. And here he devoted himself to the studies he most loved, and to the generous hospitalities for which he was long celebrated.



George W P Custis

As Arlington was some time the residence of the Custis family, here are gathered many of their portraits, and among the rest one of Hon. John Custis, the father of Mrs. Washington's first husband. This gentleman seems to have lived unhappily with his wife, a portrait of whom, showing her a proud and impracticable-looking woman, now hangs next her husband's, upon the wall at Arlington House. Determined to have the last word, even after death, this John Custis, who survived his wife seven years, in his will commanded his son and heir, on pain of disinheritance, to erect, at a cost of £500, a monument with the following inscription:

UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGAR'S PARISH, ON THE EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME, AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA.

The monument and inscription are still to be seen.

But of far more interest than these reminiscences are the objects of Revolutionary interest with which Mr. Custis enriched Arlington House. Here, in one of the chambers, is the bed and bedstead upon which Washington slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany. It was made in New York in 1789, and is remarkable for its width, which is about six feet. The engraving on this page is an accurate representation of this interesting relic.

Here, too, is the strong-box in which were kept General Washington's most valuable papers. It is a strong iron chest, twenty inches long, thirteen wide, and eleven deep, heavily banded, and secured by four locks—two padlocks, and two bolts. Of this, too, we give a representation below.

Here, likewise, is General Washington's tent, used by him during the entire war; his camp-chest, containing the various furniture of his kitchen and table; his massive silver tea set; a side-board; a punch-bowl, of finest china, bearing the initials G. W.; a small tea-table, long used by Washington, together with many other articles of inestimable value as memorials of the great man.

And last, but by no means least, are the two spirited portraits, from life, of General Washington and his wife, taken when they were still in the prime of life, engravings of which we present herewith to our readers. Washington is presented in military uniform, dark coat, scarlet vest and breeches, and three-cornered hat. The portrait of Mrs. Washington shows her to have been a most beautiful woman.

Among the favorite pursuits of Mr. Custis was painting. Long an enthusiastic amateur, in 1848 he conceived the idea of representing, in a series of historical paintings, the several battles in which Washington was most conspicuously engaged. In six years he accomplished this project, and the paintings now grace the walls of the house at Arlington. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown. The others are pictures of the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Monmouth, and Yorktown. All these pictures are remarkable for fidelity in the delineation of costume; and as representations of scenes with the chief actors in which the painter enjoyed a long intimacy, they possess unusual interest. About a year since he began his largest work, a picture of the surrender of Yorktown. This was still unfinished at his death.

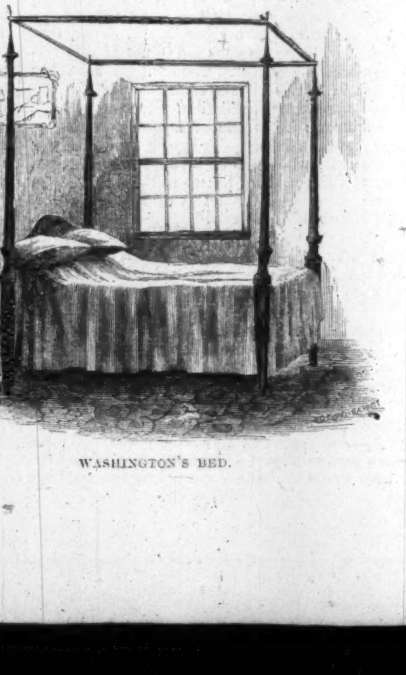
Mr. Custis paid some attention to literary pursuits, and was the author of six or seven plays, several of which have been acted. His most interesting literary labors, however, were doubtless the "Custis Recollections of Washington," which he has contributed annually, about the 22d of February, for the last twenty-five years, to the *Washington Intelligencer*. These, it is to be hoped, will ere long be gathered into a volume.

Mr. Custis was married in early life to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, a Virginian lady. With her he lived a long and happy life. She died about three years ago. He leaves one daughter, the wife of Colonel Robert Lee, of the U. S. Army, now serving at San Antonio, Texas. Mrs. Lee has, for some years, resided at Arlington, comforting the declining years of her aged father.

Arlington House has become, through Mr. Custis's care, a place of great historic interest, and we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a faithful view of it. The mansion occupies a commanding site upon the brow of a hill more than three hundred feet above the Potomac, and distant from its shores about half a mile. It is of stuccoed brick, and presents a front, with a centre and two wings, of, altogether, 140 feet. The grand portico, which is modeled after that of the Temple of Theseus, at Athens, is supported by eight massive Doric columns, and has a front of sixty-one feet, by twenty-five feet in depth.

In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens. Behind the house, a dark old forest stretches away for over six hundred acres. Through this winds the private road by which the hill is surmounted. But a small portion of the estate is under cultivation, the greater part being covered with thrifty and profitable forests.

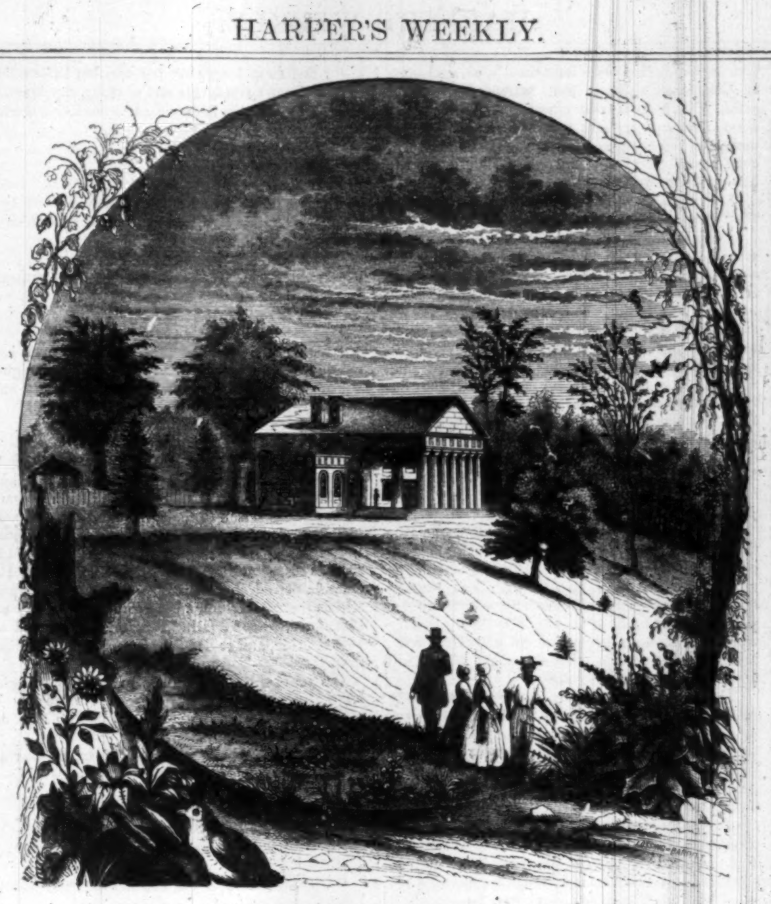
From the portico of the dwelling a most brilliant



WASHINGTON'S BED.

view is presented. The Capitol, White House, Smithsonian Institute, and the whole of the federal city, are seen at a glance; while between them and Arlington flows the bright flood of the Potomac.

At the foot of a wooded slope, near the river-bank, is Arlington Spring, famous as the pleasantest picnic ground about Washington City. The spring itself is surrounded by a beautiful grassy lawn, shaded by a sufficiency of trees. Some years ago Mr. Custis had several frame-buildings put up here, for the farther accommodation of picnic parties, and also built a wharf, for convenience in landing. The grounds are free to all comers, and are much used during the summer season by parties from Washington, Alexandria, and Georgetown.



ARLINGTON HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE G. W. P. CUSTIS.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

THERE are a score of men just now in New York who are to be envied. There they are, in the very midst of our city, and as remote from its financial difficulties and anxieties as if they were at the bottom of the mines of Potosi. What care they for the hazardous game being played just now in Wall Street, and who loses or wins, provided they can, with their chess-board, check or stalemate an opponent? Give them their checkered piece of wood and their thirty-two grotesque figures, and they can bid defiance to the world and its troubles. Their world is, in fact, before them, and though bounded by a foot square, it has all the glories and triumphs and vicissitudes of the great globe itself. They have their marches and counter-marches, their Delhis to attack and defend, their gains and losses to sum up, and extremities to meet, such as would puzzle the ingenuity of Wall Street. Go and look at the congress assembled of the chess-players of the United States, now in session in Broadway, and you will see some twenty living and moving men, whose thoughts are all absorbed within an inch of their noses. They hear not the cry for vengeance in India; they listen not to the wail of commercial woe; their hope or despair is all in that square board before them.

There are some notable characters in this Chess Congress, gathered from all parts of the United States. There is Stanley, though an Englishman by birth, the former champion of our chess-players. He, however, is now "out of play," having been, of late years, in his associations with the English consulate, engaged in another game, where, it will be recollected, in the famous recruiting move, our Government checked his Queen. Stanley was for a long time the champion here, and even in his early boyhood was thought a not unworthy competitor of the famous English chess-player, Staunton. Stanley, however, has proved himself, so far, less than his former self. He may brush up, perhaps, before the three weeks' session of the congress, with its opportunities of play and its stimulus of rivalry, is over. He, however, now yields the palm easily to Paul Morphy.

Morphy is a youngster from New Orleans, who has not yet reached his majority, and, notwithstanding, the knowing ones already hail him as the champion of the United States, and the probable victor in the present congressional trial. Paulsen of Iowa, however, has his backers, who put him forward with confidence, as superior to most, and equal to the best. Paulsen, too, is a young man, not over five-and-twenty. He is not, however, a native, being a German by birth, but an American citizen, living in Iowa, where he worthily occupies himself with the trade of cigar dealing, filling in the intervals of business with an intense devotion to chess. He is a psychological curiosity, and exhibits the remarkable phenomenon of playing his game blindfold. Other players have done this, but at what an effort may be inferred, when it is generally conceded that La Bourdonnais, the Frenchman, killed himself by this mode of play. It is recorded as the greatest prodigy of calculation, that the celebrated Phillidor achieved a triumph in a *triple* contest at blindfold chess.

Paulsen has done, since he has been here in New York, what the wonderful Phillidor did, and does not fear to attempt more. He has actually played a *quadruple game at blindfold chess*, and will undertake to play this week a quintuple game. In the process Paulsen is not literally blindfolded, but takes his seat in one room without a board, shut up by a closed folding-door from the apartment where his antagonists are seated. As their moves are made they are announced in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by Paulsen, who in turn calls out his own play. He never hesitates for lack of memory, and he plays his game with all the promptness of a wide-awake player who may have his eyes on the board. On being questioned, he will tell you that his powers of memory are not remarkable when exercised on ordinary matters, but that he seems to possess a gift of *clairvoyance*, by which the various chess-boards appear before his eye. He *sees*, he says, the boards spread before him, and each piece distinctly in its place. It would appear that what is commonly called the "mind's eye" is, in the case of Paulsen, endowed with an intense power of vision, and that he can thus, by the exercise of his mental faculty alone, obtain a distinct perception of a visual object, without the ordinarily necessary material sensation. In a word, he seems to see without his eyes. This wonderful faculty, whatever it is, has not been tried, we believe, by Paulsen upon any other object than the chess-board. After one of these blindfold efforts, however prolonged, he does not seem more fatigued than any one playing in the ordinary way; and, what is remarkable, notwithstanding the supposed concentrated abstraction required, he will make his appearance, and converse readily upon any thing that may have occurred or been talked about during the games. Nothing will seem to have escaped him, and he can recall with readiness any passing observation that may have been uttered, however trivial and disconnected with the trial that might have been supposed to have absorbed all his attention. In looking at the man you are struck with the self-concentrated and abstracted appearance of his features. The broad, square, German forehead, the downcast expression of his eyes, and the fixed, angular face, show him to be an intensely subjective or reflective person, rather than objective or observant. He is, however, readily awakened by a direct question to a temporary social interest, although he soon subsides into the quiet solitude of his own mind. Paulsen we can not help considering a subject for interesting psychological study.

New York is well represented at the congress by some excellent amateur players. There is Colonel Mead, Fuller, Perrin, and others. Alabama sends its representative in a Judge Meek, Louisiana in Paul Morphy, Iowa in Paulsen, Pennsylvania in Montgomery; California, and other States as well, have not failed to send their delegates. Whatever may be the result of the competition, the natural interest of the ancient game will be sure to be strengthened by this assembly of its American athletes, to test their several powers in the good-natured but vigorous effort at mutual overthrow.

It is a curious fact, that the classical nations of antiquity knew nothing of chess. War was their occupation, and beauty alone their pleasure. Though chess was known among the Oriental nations of India, Egypt, Arabia, China, and Japan, from the earliest periods, the Greeks and Romans never seem to have acquired a knowledge of it. As a game, it could only please a trading people, and those to whom calculation was almost a natural instinct. In the Middle Ages, however, kings and knights manœuvred with their mimic representatives on the chess-board. Prince Henry, afterward Henry I., played often, and had as frequent antagonist the Dauphin of France, who so lost his temper in consequence of repeated defeats that he struck his adversary with the board (which in those days was of metal, as were the pieces), and was most royally knocked down in return for the outrage. Charles XII. of Sweden never tired of a game, but often came off loser in consequence of his regal sympathies, which induced him to be constantly moving his king. Charles the First, of England, was quietly enjoying his chess when it was announced that the canny Scotch had made their bargain with the English for giving him up. The Great Frederick, of Prussia, sought in the game a relief from the anxious troubles of government. Napoleon played, but never a good game, although very much addicted to it, particularly during his confinement at St. Helena, where he lived to fight his battles over again on the chess-board.

The danger of chess consists in its attraction, which is so great that, from being commenced as an amusement, is not unlikely to end in becoming a business of life. Phillidor started life with brilliant prospects, as a musical composer, wrote a successful opera, took to chess, and ended his career as a chess-player and only a chess-player. La Bourdonnais commenced his legal studies in Paris with spirit, frequented the Café Regence, in Paris, was induced to learn the game there, and finally became so absorbed as to pass the rest of his life fixed to the board. His only means of support in the latter part of his career were the few francs daily picked up from those strangers eager for the distinction of being beaten by so renowned a personage as Bourdonnais. Lord Bacon denounced the chess as "too wise a game;" and Sir Walter Scott turned away from it, saying, he saw a man might learn another language with less strain to the mind.

It is a game that requires the possession of intellect to excel in, and neither is it true that a monkey ever, as has been asserted by some naturalist, become an expert, nor that a piece of mechanism was made to play it. The automaton chess-player, we all now know, owed its triumphs to the cunning of its fraud, and not to the ingenuity of its mechanism.

I remember a story told me in Barcelona when sitting at chess. "Did you know, Señor Amigo," said mine host, a merchant of that ilk, and a Spaniard of ancient blood and devilish pride; "did you know that upon the success of such a game as we have just been playing once depended the discovery of that land of yours which you are so proud of bragging about?"

And a sly twinkle lit up his sharp eyes at the thought of belittling our great and glorious country by making the knowledge of its existence depend upon so small a matter.

"The most important events in the world are controlled more or less by the slightest of causes," said I. "Providence has so evenly balanced events in this world, that a feather weight may often turn the scale. But let me hear, Señor."

Whereupon the old man, stroking his beard and knocking the ashes from his cigar, and moistening his throat with a swallow of Xeres, recounted to me the following legend, which he assured me was current in his childhood among the people of Southern Spain:

"The great Genoese navigator had made long and wearisome application for help at the court of Spain. His spirit was worn; he had grown poor in health and purse, and yet no decided answer had been given by the king, upon whom he placed his last hopes. At last a day came, upon the afternoon of which he was to receive audience and his final answer from King Ferdinand. Fearful of a refusal, he made all ready to depart with the morrow's dawn, and seek—he knew not where—the means to prove his great problem. Pale, discouraged, heart-sick, with the bitterness of hope deferred written upon his brow, he entered the royal hall, and found the king engaged in a game at chess with a grandee who was full his match. In vain he waited hour after hour, wistfully watching from a distance the long-drawn game. Hour after hour flew by in silence. Still the game was not concluded, and still the king bent his gaze only on the board.

"The tried spirit of the great man rebelled against the careless delay. His patience was exhausted. He sought the queen, his steadfast friend, determined to make his adieus, and bid farewell at once to a court where he had wasted much precious time.

"'Wait but an hour longer, Signor Capitano,' said the queen to him. He consented.

"She entered the silent chamber where her royal husband was doing mimic battle with his subject. The noise of her entrance disturbed one of the players. Ferdinand looked up, and, nodding to Isabella, without farther consideration moved the pawn upon which he had already placed his finger.

"'Check to your queen,' said the old grandee, his opponent, moving a knight.

"'That concerns you, Madame,' said the king, seeking to hide his vexation in a joke. 'At any rate, it is your fault.'

"'Check to the queen is not checkmate,' said Isabella, taking a seat at the king's side.

"'Nevertheless the game is lost,' was the royal answer. 'That one unconsidered move—'

"'But suppose my king wins,' said the queen, smiling, yet looking keenly over the board.

"'Then I'll fit out your protegé for his voyage to Cathay,' answered Ferdinand, laughing.

"The queen started. It was a risk she would not have dared to ask. But now, with pale face and beating heart, she gazed more earnestly upon the board.

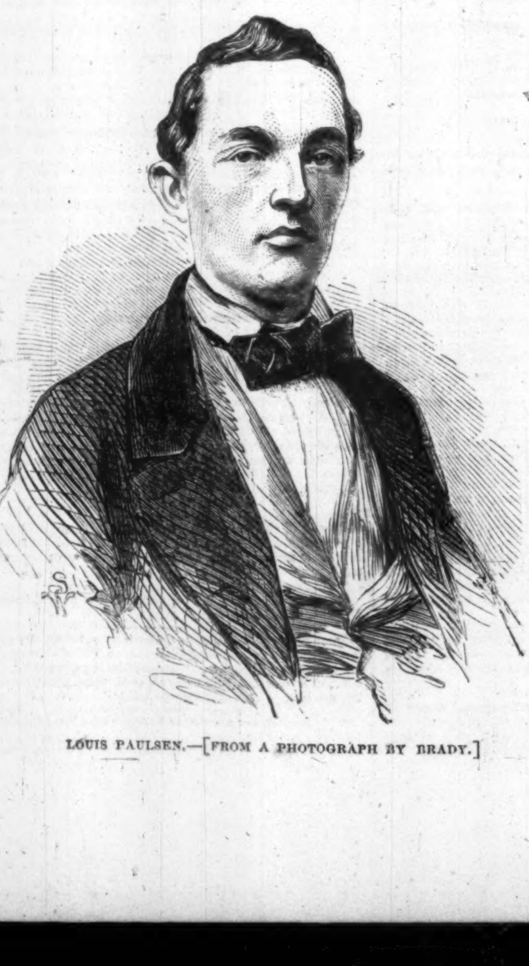
"'The queen is in check; this pawn will protect her, sire,' she said, after a moment's consideration. 'Move him but one step forward.'

"No sooner said than done.

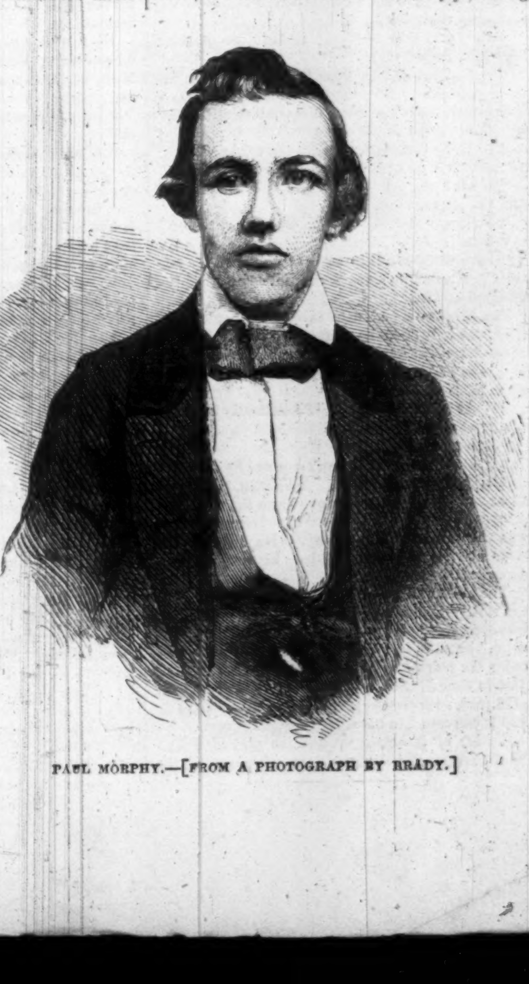
"And now the queen, taking up the game, moved vigorously to the assault of her opponent's position, disposing of knight, castle, and pawn with the generalship of an experienced warrior.

"'And now, your Majesty,' said she at length, drawing a long breath of relief, 'in four moves you can checkmate.'

"The king, who had watched the game, saw the opportunity; the hour was out as he cried checkmate, and the noble Isabella had the joy to bring



LOUIS PAULSEN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



PAUL MORPHY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

the first tidings of his unexpected success to the future discoverer.

"And so," concluded my friend the wine-merchant, "you see, Amigo, how but for a queen's fortune at chess your boasted New World might to this day have lain in oblivion."

"And you would not have been this evening smoking a genuine Cuba cigar," said I, laughing, in return.

THE SORROWS OF A MONEYED MAN.

AN EPISODE OF THE PANIC.

ONE morning not many days since Mr. Von Muff conceived and executed the idea of rising at five o'clock. To the great disgust and indignation of Mrs. Von Muff he continued the practice; to use her own words, "he deprived her of sleep, and exposed her to a cold draught before it was light."

She followed him one morning, and found him in a state of extreme dishabille, reading the *Times*.

"So this is your occupation, is it, Mr. Von Muff? It is to see the newspaper, is it, that you deprive me of my rest, and destroy my health? Are you not ashamed of yourself, Sir? Why can't you read the papers after breakfast, like other folks, eh?"

"Because there's a panic, Felicia, and I want to find out who were attacked with it yesterday."

"Panic, indeed! you're enough yourself to give any one a panic. I expect you will have to bury me before long, if this sort of treatment is continued. Then, I suppose, you will be overjoyed."

"My dear Felicia, don't agitate yourself. But, really, our financial condition is frightful. Nobody trusts any body. I feel quite alarmed, for, as you know, my money is all in the Blunderbuss Bank, and if that should burst!"

"Serve you right if it did, you fool! Why don't you put it into the Waterspout Bank? *that* won't burst."

"No; but there may be a run upon it."

"Draw out the money altogether, then, and lock it up in an iron chest."

"Why, you see, if I did that, people would laugh at me; though, upon my soul, if this panic continues, I must."

"Really, Mr. Von Muff, you are the most inexplicable person I ever encountered. Here we are, it seems, on the verge of ruin, and yet you have the heartlessness to get up at five o'clock, and sit here quietly for three hours almost in a state of nudity reading the papers. I'm disgusted with you, Sir. What are you gazing at? Are you going to make no effort to save your innocent family from destruction? Will you sit there forever doing nothing but reading the papers—everlastingly reading the papers?"

Von Muff made no reply, but dressed, breakfasted, and took his leave. As he opened the front door a well-known voice called after him from the top of the stairs:

"Joseph!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Draw that money out of the Blunderbuss Bank this very day, if you don't want to find yourself wifeless and childless within a week!"

With this awful threat she disappeared, and Joseph hailed an omnibus.

"Ah! Von Muff, how d'ye do?"

"Good morning, Crokur. Dreadful times these. What's the news?"

"You've seen the morning's papers? Enormous list of failures. Can't stand it much longer, Sir. Every thing must go—you and I must go—banks must go—every thing—general smash-up."

"Good God! you can't mean it. Surely the city banks are safe. I have a hundred thousand deposited."

"Draw it out at once, then. Don't hesitate—don't lose an instant. Perhaps you're too late now. Get gold—nothing but gold—or you're lost. That's all I've got to say."

Von Muff pulled out his large red pocket-handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his face. He remained silent—overcome by his reflections. When he left the omnibus at Stone Street, Crokur put his head out of the window, and called after the retreating capitalist,

"Attend to that at once, Von Muff, or consider yourself a ruined man."

Von Muff entered his office in Stone Street terribly perplexed. He found Scrummage there—Scrummage, who knew the financial condition of every institution in the country.

"Well, Scrummage, how are the banks?"

"Bound to go before long. I give 'em a week."

"What! do *you* think so, too, Scrummage? And the Blunderbuss?"

"No better than the others. Got money there?"

"Yes."

"Then draw it out immediately; that's my advice." And off he went to counsel some other bewildered mortal.

Von Muff now began to realize the panic. To think was only to make matters worse. He rushed into the street in frantic alarm; as he hurried along, he saw an immense crowd of people before the doors of the Waterspout.

"What is the matter here?" he timidly inquired of a by-stander.

"Run on the bank."

"Good Heavens! you don't say so?"

And onward he hastened. Two men, talking in an eager, excited way, dashed by him the next moment. He caught the word "Blunderbuss;" this was the climax of his agony. He directed his steps at once to the bank where his treasure was deposited.

The quiet and repose that surrounded that veteran institution somewhat reassured him. His fears, however, were not to be dispelled. "This is the calm," he said to himself, "that invariably precedes the storm. There is deception in it. I am just in time." So he entered; drew his money in gold, and, with the aid of several porters and a cart, had it conveyed to his office in Stone Street.

An air of immense satisfaction pervaded Von Muff's round, good-natured face, when he saw the last twenty-dollar piece deposited in his safe—one of Chisselhem's great iron, patent, everlasting safes. No fear of *that* bursting. He lighted a cigar, and puffing forth the smoke in a long succession of wreaths, he turned to Feekes and Sturp, confidential clerks of many years' standing in the house of Von Muff and Co., and whispered:

"All right now, boys; let the banks break if they like, and be —— to them!"

It was, of course, necessary that the large amount of treasure recently transferred to Stone Street should be watched at night, otherwise a burglary in the third degree might be as disastrous as the breaking of a bank. Von Muff himself, with the enthusiasm of a raw recruit, declared he was ready to mount guard for a fortnight; he could obtain sufficient sleep in the evening and the morning before and after the fulfillment of his nocturnal duties; and those accommodating clerks, Feekes and Sturp, consented to assist him, on condition that they should be supplied with brandy and cigars *à discretion*. These preliminaries being settled, Von Muff went home to dinner. He looked round upon his fellow-citizens with the air of a man who had just achieved a *coup d'état*.

Von Muff experienced a special glow of pride that afternoon on entering the portals of his spacious mansion in the Avenue. In the evening he returned to the office, taking with him, for defensive purposes, the musket with which his sire performed prodigies of valor in the Revolutionary war. He thought it prudent to inform his wife, through the domestic, that he would not return home until the following day.

The first night's watch passed off tolerably well. Cigars and stiff brandy-and-water were provided, and the guard were kept awake partly by the liquor and partly by mysterious noises, like the picking of locks and other burglarious sounds. On more than one occasion Von Muff brought up his musket to the "present," and took deadly aim at the knob of the door, and his two attendants nervously handled the revolvers they had borrowed for the emergency. They had no occasion, however, to use their weapons. Toward morning Von Muff looked very haggard and fatigued. He felt "confoundedly done up" as he himself expressed it; so, about six o'clock, after a shave and a mutton-chop, he ensconced himself in his arm-chair, and fell asleep. But neither the attitude nor the place were suited to a comfortable snooze. People too, commenced to pour in, for the news of his night's watch had by this time extended throughout the whole business community, and the utmost curiosity was manifested to know the result. Reporters of newspapers, especially, were urgent in their demands for Von Muff's own statement of the facts that had transpired.

"Well, Von Muff, how do you feel after your night's work?" "Is your money safe yet? How is it done up—in bags, or kegs?" "Take my advice, and never lose sight of it again—sleep on it." "Good Heavens! you don't mean to say that you deposit your treasure in one of Chisselhem's safes! Might as well fling it into the Hudson!" "Keep up your spirits, old boy! the panic will not last over six months, and you can watch it out!"

These, and a multitude of similar remarks, from solicitous visitors, disturbed the equilibrium of Von Muff's mind as much as his vigil had disturbed the equilibrium of his body. He was, therefore, ill at ease when, late in the afternoon, he found himself at home in the Avenue.

Mrs. Von Muff took no notice at first of her spouse's dejection, but in the course of dinner she abruptly broke out:

"Mr. Von Muff, may I ask if you've been drinking, for your conduct is inexplicable?"

"My dear Felicia, I was up all night, and am really quite worn out. I must take some sleep before I return."

"I thought this would be the result of your freak. A pretty exhibition you are making of yourself before your family! It would certainly be the wisest step you could take to go to bed."

Von Muff thought so too. A frightful yawn, that he tried in vain to repress, rather hurried his movements, and he withdrew without further remonstrance.

He had scarcely been asleep an hour, however, when he was roused to consciousness by Mrs. Von Muff, who appeared to be alternately shaking him and punching his head.

"Do you hear that?" she yelled; "do you hear that?"

"What?" rubbing his eyes, and fully awakened to the presence of his spouse, if not to any thing else.

"What? Why, the fire-bell, you deaf adder! It has been ringing eight this half hour. A pretty time for you to be sleeping when, probably, your office is in ashes, and we are all beggars!"

"Good Heavens! you don't say so! Where's my hat and coat?"—and out he rushed recklessly, leaving his wife in the middle of a sentence.

Von Muff hurried down town at the top of his speed. He asked every body whom he met, in a wild way, where the fire was; and some wag, who recognized him, called out, "Stone Street." This answer nearly drove him mad. His perturbation, when he reached the head of the street, and found it actually blockaded by firemen, was overwhelming. He knocked people about, right and left, and when he reached his office, and found that the fire was round the corner, the reaction nearly produced an apoplectic fit. He sank into a chair, faint and exhausted with his exertions.

The watch that night was a painful one. Neither Von Muff nor his assistants could help falling asleep. Brandy-and-water only made them more drowsy. They nodded at each other like mandarins, and every now and then Von Muff would start from a dream, in which he had been an impotent spectator of the robbery of his own safe. He passed an agonizing night; and when morning dawned he looked as though he had been dragged by the legs along a corduroy road.

"Sturp!"

"Yes, Sir."

"I feel as if I couldn't put one leg before the other. I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. I think I'll take the money back to bank this morning."

"I hope you will, Sir."

"I'll think over it, Sturp."

Toxin entered the office about ten o'clock. Toxin was one of the first victims. The panic had left its impress on his face, and his sole occupation now was to alarm other people.

"Von Muff!" he shouted.

"Is that you, Toxin?" was the faint answer from the inner office.

"How d'ye feel, old feller?"

"Fairly done up."

"Well, I've come to tell you that you must immediately get a new safe. At the fire, last night, one of Chisselhem's safes was burned to cinders, and poor Fripper lost ten thousand, in hard cash!"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, 'tis a fact. Good-by."

Poor Von Muff was now utterly bewildered. His money weighed him down to the earth, and the fears for its loss that he felt in other days were light in comparison to the responsibilities and perplexities that tormented his soul now. He visited the banks, to see if any of them would accept his gold as a special deposit, but they all refused. He even implored the Waterspout Institution, upon which there had been such a run, to take pity on him, but without avail. Finally, he resolved to pocket pride, and re-deposit his money in the Blunderbuss.

His mind was relieved from an appalling weight when this was done. A severe trial, however, remained. How should he inform Mrs. Von Muff of the course he had pursued?

He approached the subject, timidly, as soon as he reached home.

"Felicia, my dear!"

"Well?"

"I have sent the money back to bank."

"What! to the Blunderbuss?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word, if you aren't a fool, and worse, I don't know who is!"

"But what can I do?"

"*Do!* Can you sit there and deliberately tell me that you don't know what to *do* with your money, when your wife and daughters are positively going about in rags? No wonder there's a panic, if all men are like you!"

History sayeth not what response, if any, Joseph Von Muff made to this particular attack of his spouse. It is probable, however, that he was too experienced a husband not to find safety in flight.

The next morning Mr. Von Muff learned, to his despair, that all the banks, including the Blunderbuss, had SUSPENDED SPECIE PAYMENTS!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches."

Woman is like the ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined. Poor rule that won't work both ways."

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing warmer than love; nothing more bright than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

Ambrose Phillips, the poet, was very solemn and pompous in conversation. At a coffee-house he was discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters who, in their historical pieces, always draw the same sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they would see that there is a different sky in every country—in England, France, Holland, Italy, and so forth." "Your remark is just," said a brave gentleman who sat just by: "I have been a traveler myself, and can testify that what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of skies that I ever found was in Poland." "In Poland, Sir?" "Yes, in Poland; for there is Sobie*sky*, and Sarbien*sky*, and Jablon*sky*, and Podebra*sky*, and many more skies, Sir."

There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

INFALLIBLE RAILWAY BRAKE.—Mismanagement: this break is so effectual that it has been known to bring the best line going to a complete stand-still.

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.

By One of Them.

In telling the age of another woman, you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age, then you divide by 2.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO.—Husband and wife should learn to help one another, sharing and enjoying every thing in common, with the same cheerful division of labor as a knife and fork!—*Lady Clutterbuck.*

MILITARY QUERY.—Do the Kernels wear Shell-jackets?

MAN PROPOSES, WOMAN DISPOSES.—If you wish to propose, do it in person. Never make a proposal in writing. Your letter gives the lady time "to turn it over," and to look at the question you are "popping" to her on all sides. Besides, it is wrong to suppose that women can be engaged, as hotel-rooms are, "by correspondence."

The thinking man hath wings; the acting man only feet and hands.

A scholar in great need was about to apply for a secretary's situation. The terms offered are £50 a year. On entering the house he hears that the butler's post is also vacant. The wages of the latter are £120 a year, besides endless perquisites. He suddenly changes his mind, applies for the butler's situation, and gets it. It is true he loses somewhat of his own self-respect; but then his salary is more than twice the amount, and he will be treated with greater respect, and have more indulgences, as well as more time to himself, as the butler, than he would as the secretary. Besides—and this is his chief consolation—he will not be compelled to associate with the gentleman of the establishment!

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "Lay them with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias.

"No, indeed," answered Tibe; "they have got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

"John, can you tell the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

Captain Saltwater says that his first essay to affect a matrimonial character resulted in a manner so discouraging that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The Captain being out of the service, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady, boarding at the same hotel. Says the Captain, "I conveyed her round to shops, shows, theatres, churches, and every other place of amusement and information, and at last, when I thought things had gone far enough, I squares my yards, and says I—just as cool as a powder-monkey—'Ma'am, I have been thinking I'd like to be spliced.'

"'Spliced!' says she, as artless as a turtle dove.

"'Spliced,' says I; 'and if you've a notion, why, I'm ready to take my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am!'

"She looked sort o' taken back at first, but she goes about and says:

"'Captain, I've been thinkin' if my husband don't write soon and send me some money and a gold watch from California, I'd just as leave marry somebody else as not, and if you wait a few days I'll give you the preference!'

"Her husband had been to the Pacific just four months, and here was a California widow!

"I stood off after that," said the Captain.

"John Phœnix," writing from Nahant to the Boston *Post*, gives an account of the proceedings had in that "ilk" before the American Dental Association. He winds up his report as follows, with a description of the

DENTAL MANUAL EXERCISES.

Dr. Tushmaker, stepping forward, announced that a few pleasing and wonderful performances would now be gone through with, with the object of exhibiting the dexterity acquired by the members of the society. Then, turning to the line, he gave the command—"*Draw!*" In an instant every one was armed with a turnscrew. "*Fire!*" shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and each member opened his mouth and attached the fearful instrument to a back tooth. "*Hold!*" screamed the Doctor. "Hold! for God's sake!" shouted I, but it was too late; three hundred double-fanged back teeth, dripping with blood, were held exultant in the air. The Association looked cool and collected; there might have been pain, but, like the Spartan boy, they repressed it; the ladies, with a wild cry of terror, fled from the piazza! "*Replace!*" shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and in an instant every tooth returned to the mouth whence it came. I understood it at once. It was ball practice with blank cartridge—they were all false teeth! Several other interesting exercises were gone through with. A hackman passing on his carriage was placed under the influence of chloroform, all his teeth extracted without pain, and an entire new and elegant set put in their place, all in forty-two seconds! His appearance was wonderfully improved; he had been known for years as "Snaggle-tooth Bill," but a new and more complimentary title will have to be devised for him. Wonderful are the improvements of science. At five o'clock the procession was re-formed, and the band playing "Pull, Brothers, pull," the Association moved off, returning by the *Nelly Baker* to Boston. I have never seen three hundred dentists together before, and I don't believe any body else ever did; but I consider it a pleasing and an improving spectacle, and would suggest that, the next time, they make an excursion which shall combine business with pleasure, and all go down together and remove the snags from the Mississippi!

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?" "No, I said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim!"

A correspondent writes to know, in case the *Great Eastern* steamship can't come over the bars about Sandy Hook, why the people don't go and let the bars down?

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

Snooks's mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies. "Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a baby they put me in a quart pot and then put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever!" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

"Mother, where's Bill?"

"My son don't let me hear you say Bill, again. You should say William."

"Well, mother, where's William?"

"In the yard feeding the ducks."

"Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad williams?"

"Go out with your brother, directly, you little scamp, or I'll cuff your ears."

"John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the "down" of his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

Shall our gracious God watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and shall we devour the food which he provides for us at night, with hands we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised him?

A correspondent of the New York *Picayune* has hit upon a new wrinkle. It is nothing less than a

COLLEGE OF MENDICANCY.—BEGGING TAUGHT IN SIX EASY LESSONS.

Professor Lazarus Rooney begs to announce that he has lately established a school for the purpose of properly educating Street Beggars, and teaching the general outlines of beggary in all its honest branches. Persons of good moral character, steady habits, and ordinary intelligence can, in a single course of lessons, qualify themselves to earn an honest living in a public way, without depending upon any contingencies of parties' success, or being disconcerted by any disaster in politics.

Terms moderate. References given and required.

A number of babies kept on hire, to be let on reasonable terms. Begging stories composed and taught by a Professor of the art. Children, if placed under care very young, will be deformed to any desired shape, without permanent injury to the article.

A few capital begging routes, in a charitable locality, where the people do not move on the 1st of May, and whose leases have many years to run, for sale. A capital blind man's walk, and a first-class wooden leg stand to let cheap. Certificates made to order for "Napoleon's Old Guard," and for "Revolutionary Soldiers;" sabre strokes and gunshot marks thrown in gratis. A few pair of twins suitable for street-corner service will be loaned to careful and sober women at a moderate sum per diem. Country orders for children, blind men's dogs, or other tools of the trade, supplied with dispatch. Address

LAZARUS ROONEY, Park, N. Y. City.

In one of the engagements during the war in Egypt, a poor Frenchman, falling into the power of a Highland sergeant, screamed out the only English word he was master of—

"Quarter! quarter!"

"She'll no ha'e time to quarter ye the noo," replied Donald, "she'll just cut ye in *twa*."

That pleasant philosopher, Montaigne, offers the following whimsical consolation to those afflicted with gout, gravel, rheumatism, etc. "These," he says, "are symptoms of a long life, just as heat, cold, rain, and hail are the attendants on every long journey."

"My tenants are a world of bother to me," said a testy landlady to her nephew. "Quite likely; *ten aunts* might be considered enough to bother any one," was the reply.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, October* 19, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were in a very depressed condition up to the time of the suspension of specie payments by the city banks, on last Wednesday morning. Since, there have been more vigorous movements, especially in Breadstuffs, prices of which have advanced. The principal purchases have been for home use, though the unusually low currency early in the week induced some inquiry for export. The receipts from the interior have been to a fair extent, yet the available supply of desirable lots of Flour and Grain is quite moderate for the season. Hence, holders are regaining confidence. Provisions have been sparingly dealt in at declining prices, notwithstanding the meagre receipts, and the reduced stocks, here. Groceries show no general improvement in demand or value, though Coffee and Sugars attract a little more attention. Cotton continues scarce, dull, and nominal. No important change can be noticed in other commodities. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 75	@	$5 20
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 75	@	$5 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	$4 95	@	$5 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel .	$5 15	@	$7 75
Superfine to extra Canadian, per bbl.	$5 25	@	$6 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 50	@	$7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 50	@	$4 75
Buckwheat Flour, per 100 pounds...	$1 50	@	$1 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	$3 25	@	$4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	$1 15	@	$1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	$1 00	@	$1 27½
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	74	@	75
Rye, per bushel.....................	75	@	80
Barley, per bushel	75	@	90
Western Oats, per bushel	50	@	52
State Oats, per bushel..............	48	@	51
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	35	@	41
White Beans, per bushel	$1 62½	@	$1 75
Black-eyed Peas, per bushel........	$3 50	@	—
Mess Pork, per barrel	$22 25	@	$22 50
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	$17 25	@	$17 50
Repacked Mess Beef, per barrel.....	$13 00	@	$14 25
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	$16 00	@	$17 00
Cut Meats, per pound	9¼	@	11
Lard, per pound	13	@	15
State Butter, per pound	15	@	23
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	16
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8½
Undressed American Hemp, per ton.	$150 00	@	$170 00
Dressed American Hemp, per ton...	$200 00	@	$220 00
Cotton, Middlings, per pound.......	nominal.		
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	50	@	70
New Hops, per pound	6	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	$3 25	@	$4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	8
Cuba Muscovado Molasses, per gallon	22½	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound.............	38	@	70
Oolong Teas, per pound	38	@	70
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.......	20	@	21
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	9	@	20
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound..................	8	@	9

Freights were doing better. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅜d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. @ 2s. 3d. per bbl.; Grain, 5d. @ 6d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per bbl.; Beef, 2s. per tierce, and heavy goods 15s. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations. There were in this port on Saturday 733 vessels of all classes.

The Live Stock Market, last Wednesday, was much disturbed by the suspension of the city banks. Buyers could not easily procure funds which sellers would accept. On this account, an unusually light business was transacted. The week's receipts compare with those of the preceding week, thus:

	Last Week.	*Previous Week.*
Beeves....................	3,626	3,352
Milch Cows	232	207
Veal Calves...............	383	557
Sheep and Lambs	11,104	11,513
Swine.....................	3,860	696

The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 6 c. for the poorest to 10¼ c. for first quality, per pound. Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, continued in slack request, and they ruled heavy, at from $25 00 @ $65 00 for common to extra. Veal Calves appeared in limited supply and demand at 5 @ 7½ cents per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were plenty, and depressed, at from $1 75 @ $4 50 per head. Swine were more abundant, and were in very moderate request at 5¾ @ 6¼ c. for live, and 6¾ @ 8¼ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market does not escape the blighting influence of our financial troubles. Producers, having little or no confidence in the future, are eager sellers; while consumers, being equally distrustful, are buying with much reserve. Prices of the leading articles show a decline, with a downward tendency, which circumstance fails to divert the pressure of supplies. The general impression is that food will be cheap this winter. This, however, affords but very slight encouragement to the large number of consumers who are suffering from either the actual, or the anticipated, want of employment. It is the duty of all to look sharply ahead, and to prepare for any emergency that may arise.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$1 25	@	$3 00
Grapes, per pound	4	@	8
Peaches, per basket.................	$1 50	@	$2 00
Pears, common to extra, per barrel..	$1 50	@	$12 00
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 50	@	$4 00
Chestnuts, per barrel...............	$12 00	@	$15 00
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel	$2 25	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	$1 00
Tomatoes, per basket................	62	@	87
Squashes, per barrel................	$1 25	@	--
Pumpkins, per 100	$3 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$1 50	@	$2 00
Cabbages, per 100...................	$1 25	@	$3 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen	50	@	$2 00
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches.........	37	@	44
Carrots, per dozen	37	@	44
Melons, per barrel..................	50	@	$1 00
Beans, per basket...................	50	@	75
" per bushel..................	50	@	75
Corn, Sweet, per 100 ears...........	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per 100......................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen...................	87	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100	$6 00	@	$6 50
Peppers, per 100....................	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel	$7 00	@	10 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	16	@	16½
Chickens, per pair	50	@	$1 00
Live Fowls, per pair................	88	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pound	10	@	16
Ducks, per pair	50	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	16
Geese, each.........................	37	@	$1 25
Pigeons, per dozen..................	75	@	$1 50
" wild, per dozen	50	@	75
Woodcock, per dozen	$2 50	@	$3 00
Partridge, per pair	38	@	50
Reed Birds, per dozen	31	@	38
Quail, per dozen....................	$1 87	@	$2 50
Roasting Pigs	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, per pair	18	@	25
Hares, per pair	37	@	50
Beef, per pound	5½	@	7½
Mutton, per pound	6	@	8
Lamb, per pound.....................	8	@	11
Veal, per pound	8½	@	10½
Pork, per pound.....................	7	@	8½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Oct.* 19, 1857.

THE extraordinary events of the week in the financial world are fully described elsewhere. The banks of the City of New York, and, with few exceptions, all the banks in the United States, have suspended specie payments. In this city it has been agreed to take the bills of the State Banks (with the exception of a few which are insolvent) at par.

On Friday and Saturday some of the City Banks accommodated their dealers to the extent of their means, and in a measure relieved some of the prevailing embarrassments. But the feeling of gloom and uncertainty for the future is not by any means relieved.

The trade of the port for the week compares as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 17, 1857	$3,259,943....	$1,774,874
Corresponding week, 1856	2,626,616....	1,530,798
Increase	$633,327....	$244,076

The total export of specie was $120,000. It commands a premium of 1½ @ 2½.

Stocks have generally risen since the suspension of specie payments. Some of the more valuable State stocks have risen as much as twenty per cent.

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FAILURE.

WM. B. MACKENZIE, MANTILLAS, New York City, previously reported, has arranged with his creditors, and continues as usual.
"*Independent*," Oct. 15.

The Subscriber is now prepared to close out his FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS at RETAIL FOR CASH, 40 PER CENT. BELOW COST PRICES.

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